XIV English

anthropology

X 8

My Name is Ferguson

#37384
(Charles Collins)
2822 Clay St.
2-F2-98

you can see, Youngman, that I am no longer able to do productive work. In fact it takes all the little remaining energy left in these old bones to put on a robe; an old worn robe, if you will notice, - in the morning and go out on the porch to sit in the sun a while, and perhaps meet someone there from "the other side" that I do not see every day. And even, this, I cannot do when it is clammy and cold, as it usually is in this spot - that a great many folks "from outside" know as "The Laguna Honda Home."

I used to be a builder, ~~on Geary St.~~, I have put up some very fine Apartment Houses. I am of pure English stock, having come to this country as a boy. When certain people who owed me money refused to pay (an old American custom), and could not pay, and I myself could not find contracts, I was of course dumped into this fog-ridden monument of political chauvinism, and corralled in Building #3, from which no one may leave without permission, ~~and~~ Several of the men here, all of them infirm, have been beaten by the graffers in charge at various times for attempting to go over to "the other side", where the new buildings are, to see perhaps an old friend or two.

I have, of course, placed the collection of certain of my bills due me in the building of Apt. Houses in this city for over thirty years, and to the extent of which I am owed over $20,000 by the men who own and control those places which are debted to me, I have placed the collection of these bills for over three years now directly in the hands of Mr. Wollenberg from whom I have heard nothing.

I have spoken of this matter to various nurses, and I find that if they dare to interest themselves in these things, they are let go. And I have found that Mr. Wollenberg has his own "bank" here where the moneys of the 'inmates' of this "Home" are kept. I have found that many old people, ~~having came here~~ after being robbed, cheated, and all but murdered, have given to the powers that be - here - their story in full, and the power to collect certain debts for them, and of course to put this - (if collected - and when) - money into "the bank". I have given them this power, with the exception that I do not wish to die in such a place, ~~wherein~~ The director of ~~which~~ this place is worth over a million dollars since he attained his political position, and therefore have ordered the moneys placed in a bonafied and legal Bank - if and when collected, or admitted by the collectors to have been collected.

anthropology - continued = pg. 3

37384
(Charles Collins)
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~~My Name is~~ Ferguson

Of course, my teeth are all gone but two or three, and they are very loose and pain me at times. There is never any dental work done for us" in the infirm ward, they feed us such food that we do not need teeth anyway. There are 60 men in each of the upper wards here, and about half are entirely bedridden, and lay all day with a hole in the mattress and a bucket under their bed. When, and as soon as, they become incoherent, - and there is no one who comes to see them regularly, - of course, they die. I have seen several die in the same day, right along side of me.

Mr. Wollenberg made a million dollars here.

I never have hopes of seeing "the world" again.

I have hopes that the system you have described to me, young man, will soon be brought into being.

That everyone shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and not by the sweat of another man's brow, - because he can make more profit for himself by working others, there are many who will never agree, however.

L439

Patrick Charles

It makes little difference in what part of the world one may be, you may still encounter old friends, Some of them playmates, others schoolmates, or classmates at college. But how pleasing it is to meet old friends and talk over old times, and to relate what has occured in life. Such it was in this instance, and I shall endeavor to repeat what he told me of ~~what~~ happened since we left college, ~~and~~ our lives had been spent in widely separate parts but at practically the same kind of work.

My friends father, ~~XXXXX~~ then, was very wealthy, ~~he~~ had been engaged in mining, ~~or~~ in stocks, etc. It was intended his son would enter the same work, but ~~now~~ practically as an engineer. To follow that line of work aside from the classics, he had studied more deeply in the sciences, such as mineralogy, geology, etc. His father was a great friend of Cecil Rhodes and secured the boy a berth on his staff. For a few years he was up and down, throughout South Africa, prospecting, engineering and doing all the general work of developing mining, etc. He hoped to take up properties of his own and branch out as many others had done.

How often it is in life all our hopes, intentions, plans, ~~etc.~~, are shattered. His father dealt very heavily in "Kaffirs", and when the stocks went to the wall, he lost nearly every thing, ~~and~~ the succeeding Boer War cleaned up everything and he died soon afterwards. It was a sad blow to the boy. He had practically nothing, and could not stay in South Africa, so he decided to migrate to new fields. He chose Canada. It was at

that time a new country, and quite difficult to get around. To anyone who was there in those days, this can be readily understood. Again there were few, if any, outcrops. The work was very hard and the surface often very great. Provisions were difficult to get and needed long trips, which, of course, was mushing and packing everything on one's back. Shooting and fishing were good, which helped a great deal, but the winter were long and hard, and little prospecting or mining could be done. Nevertheless, he was moderately successful. There were some chance to dispose of ground although the prices paid were not large, and anyone who bought knew they must develop the property with the uusal chance of success or failure, and that always needed capital. He moved on west where the country was more thickly settled and travel came and went nearer the coast. But after 3 or 4 years with his small cpaital he decided to migrate south. Washington and Oregon did not present very much. Mining was not very prolific in either state, and he found nothing which was an outlet for his ability. It was certainly a different life to South Africa. The companies were not large and employing many skilled men. So he came to California. He knew the history quite well as he had worked with many boys from here in South Africa, the country was decidely more attractive, travel was easier, and the climate much more to his liking.

He secured employment with some of the big companies and did quite well. His knowledge and experience helped him.

Charles

The large mines here were producing heavily and capital was ~~very~~ easily secured. In the financial world, at that time, California mining had an excellent reputation. English capital was ~~very~~ easy to acquire, they had been very successful and had made millions. The mines were very rich and the gold easily extracted, the metalleogical process was not difficult. But like so many mad things, riches came easily and morals became more lax, at least to some. London soon found that they were being robbed. In ~~no~~ other mining country in the world had more confidence been placed than in California, and the slickers thought they had easy pickings. They were successful for some time, but an end came to that. London shut down and refused to advance any more money, likewise New York. That made it very hard on some who had been honest. Consequently work and chances became scarce. The respectable element withdrew, and California soon had a very bad name ~~and~~ irrespective of what one might have to offer it was impossible to interest any one with capital, California had a very black eye, and the same condition really exists today.

My friend did not wish to lose everything he had gained, and finding it of no advantage to be connected ~~a propose~~ with any thing from California, he decided to leave and after many years ~~advance~~ absence go home.

While his capital ~~were~~ was not large still he could live comfortably and in honorable circumstances across the water. His life had been very eventful in many ports and he had many happy and many sad reminiscences. He was very pleased to think of the many staunch friends he had made and at home today he looks back with a great deal of pleasure and, I believe, intend

~~lons~~ ~~of~~ seeing the old parts again.

Joshua [illegible] was born in
British England in 1814. He came to
the United States in [illegible] and settled in Grand
Junction, Co. He married Miss
Charlotte [illegible]. For a number of years
and was employed in the trade
[illegible] of the Rocky Mountains
for the Hudson's Bay Company. He left
Denver in the stagecoach for
Salt Lake City, Utah, where he
[illegible] for a number of years. He
[illegible] with many others the
hardships of the trip. For a few
years after this he engaged in business
for the Pacific Express Co. in 1865
he came [illegible] to San Francisco
[illegible] and farmed and made
transportation from Stone Creek
to San Francisco. He was also having a
small farm.

(2)

Mr. Ashby has been away forty years since he left England, he remembers it as a good place for a man of his kind to keep among young people. All of the United States that he has visited give as strong a reason for defending our opinions.

He was married on the 21st day of April 1861 to Miss Sarah Jane Hudson. Their children are all married and living in Kansas and Colorado.

He is now over 70 years of age and thinks about twenty years of life will be about all he can hope for. While he is unable to do any recent useful work, still he is well informed about the features of the letter writing he has found time and his long experience helps him along.

J. H. Ashby

L107

memories

open

P

so wearied and his hands were blue from the cold.

For the start of his life on the stalk it briefly to tell:

Edward Chesson was born in London, England, in 1[illegible]. As a boy and young man he worked as hotel porter in his native city for which he received a fair shilling a day.

Hearing of the big wheat fields to be worked in California he decided to come here. He landed here in the fall of 1919, in search of employment and in search of adventure.

For several years he did fairly well and was almost steadily employed in a hotel clerk. But in 1927 and 1928, when the depression started, he began to find it hard to find employment at as low a wage. Finally he found it impossible to find any kind

of enough to anything has resulted be,
for we never anything [illegible] nine [illegible]
for the State. We did not discourage
immigration when we the people [illegible]
to the United States. We are still [illegible]
officers throughout the [illegible]
[illegible] goods, as they were [illegible] [illegible]
the Canal [illegible] from [illegible]

~~English~~ 2 89

9/7/35

I was born in Manchester, England, ~~the year of~~ January 20, 1903.
~~date of birth was January the 20th~~ my parents were
in the mercantile business in Manchester. ~~England~~
~~which~~ They ~~then~~ sold out the business and
Came to Calgary ~~Alberta~~ in Canada as they were told by friends
that business conditions were very much better
in ~~Calgary Alberta~~ Canada than they were in
~~Manchester~~ England. ¶ I lived in Calgary in the province of Alberta
~~Canada~~ for ~~14~~ fourteen years of my school days [illegible] spent there ~~Calgary~~.
~~[illegible] Canada~~, ~~the~~ My reason for ~~[illegible]~~ was that ~~[illegible]~~ I was
~~and~~ coming to the United States [illegible] friends to [illegible] so I
advised they come [illegible] very good friends [illegible] better, and they
would find financial conditions very much better ~~than in Canada~~.
[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~, ~~in the U.S.A.~~ [illegible]
¶ I am married and have three children, one child was born
in Calgary ~~Alberta Canada~~ and is now sixteen years [illegible] eleven
[illegible] United States. one [illegible]
other two were born in the United States three. [illegible]
[illegible] that it is [illegible] as [illegible]
the United States [illegible] that [illegible]
[illegible] I [illegible] I [illegible] done [illegible]
~~[illegible]~~ As [illegible] I [illegible] My occupation is that of house-
[illegible]
wife.

Mr. T came to this country from England with his parents when he was a small child, having been born in 1831, in Sheffield, and ~~spent his first years before coming to the States~~

Mr. T's father and mother were citizens of Philadelphia. Her father was a prominent in the musical profession, which he continued until his death a few years ago. Mr. T's mother is living in San Francisco where Mr. T. makes his home. Mr. T has been educated in our public schools and a civil engineer

He has followed this line of action for several years with fair success.

He is married and makes his home with his mother.

His reason for coming to the states was, as he thought, not merely because of his ~~[illegible]~~ as he was leaving he had nothing to say about it, but she thought seemed glad he married her and he is probably in many ways; and has no desire of returning to the land of his birth.

He does not resent any of his native country's customs. His family life has been quite normal and seems to be, of good moral habits.

There are only two persons connected in this family now, Mr. J. and his child. As he has the bond child in relation to the defendant he thinks not an unfavorable one of reasoning and is looking forward with keen hopes of better times.

Respectfully,
[illegible]

Mr. J.

Came to this country from England with his parents and as a small child having been born in London in 1901 where his parents lived before coming to the states.

Mr. J's father and mother became citizens of U.S. his father engaging in the newspaper business which he continued until his death a few years ago. Mr. J's mother is living in S.F. where Mr. J makes his home. Mr. J has been educated in our schools as a civil engineer he has followed this line of endeavour for several years with fair success.

Mr. J is not married and makes his home with his mother. His reason for coming to the states was as he remembered, not any business of his own as he was so young he had nothing to say about it. But has always been glad he was raised here and is a good citizen and in every way, and has no desire of returning to the land of his birth.

He does not regret to any of his native country's customs. His family life has been quite normal and seems to be of good normal habits. There are only two persons involved in this family now Mr. J and mother as he was the only child in relation to the depression he thinks we are well along the way or recovery and is looking forward with hee hopes of better times.

George Mackinn.

Born in 1886, in Manchester, England, this man, after attending the elementary schools, ~~then~~ went to work in the textile mills where he remained until he was about 18 years of age. His parents ~~having~~ passed away about this time, he decided to come to America.

Upon his arrival in New York he obtained employment with a wholesale jobber of woolens, he remain~~ing~~ed with this firm until about 1910.

During this time he became quite interested in sports, baseball being the main attraction. His ambition was to become a major league player but in this he failed, being unable to get further than a being good amateur, all-around player.

Becoming restless, he decided to come west, finally arriving in Butte, Montana in 1911. Here he went to work in the copper mines as a day laborer, shifting from one job to an other. no new paragraph

Sports however still remained ~~to be~~ the main attraction. He organized a baseball team composed of miners and induced the mine owners ~~of this particular mine~~ to back ~~to go behind~~ the team financially, ~~in so far as~~ to purchase suits, etc., They, of course, play~~ing~~ed under the name of the mine.

The idea immediatly spread to the other mines and it was not long until a number of competitive teams entered the field. Games were played Sundays, holidays, and whenever an opportunity presented itself.

In this way he became acquainted with the sporting frater-

nity of which Butte held quite a ~~claim~~ number. Naturally, ~~the~~ horses became the next attraction.

Here was an opportunity to either make some money or have nothing.

He sought an introduction to a man, ~~who was~~ interested in thorough-bred racers, ~~to~~ and whom he became very well acquainted.

It was ~~through~~ this friendship that brought him to California and launched his present career, ~~which now is~~ the racing of horses.

During his time he has been an owner, trainer and roustabout around a race track, ~~being~~ and was at one time worth about $50,000 and owning ~~ing~~ several promising thorough-breds.

He has been racing for the past several years at the fall meetings at Tanforan with, of course, the usual "ups and downs" of the "game".

At present he is ~~now~~ in San Francisco, negotiating with horse-owners who are operating farms around Livermore Valley and engaged in the raising of thorough-breds, with the idea of acting as their representatives at the Eastern Tracks.

Born in 1886, in Manchester, England, shortly after attending the elementary school there went to work on the Lancashire moors where he remained until he was about eighteen years of age. His parents having passed away about this time, he decided to come to America.

Upon his arrival in New York, he obtained employment with a wholesale jobber of woolens, remaining until the fever started about 1910.

During this time he became quite interested in sports, baseball being the major attraction. He endeavored to become a major league player but in this he failed. He being unable to get further than a good amateur all around player.

Becoming restless, he decided to come West, finally arriving in Butte Montana in 1911. Here he went to work in

the copper mines as a day laborer, shifting from one job to another. Sports, however, still remained the main attraction. He organized a baseball team composed of miners and endeared the same owners of the particular mines to go behind the team financially insofar as purchasing suits, etc. and of course playing under the name of the mine.

The idea immediately appealed to the miners & it was not long until a number of competitive teams entered the field. Games were played Sundays, Holidays and whenever an opportunity presented itself.

In this way he became acquainted with the sporting fraternity of which Butte held pride in abundance. Naturally the games became the most attractive

He was an opportunity to either make some money or lose everything.

He sought an introduction to a man who was interested in strength but none to whom he became very well acquainted.

It was through the friendship that brought him to California and launched his present career much more in the racing of horses.

During this time he has been owner, trainer and rented a boat around a race track being at one time worth about $50000 and running several racing stables.

He has been racing for the past several years at the fall meetings at Pleasanton with of course the usual "ups and downs" of the game.

At present he is now [illegible]
negotiating with Lord [illegible] who
operating from Sound Hardwood Valley
engaged in the cutting of Hardwood
the order of cutting as then [illegible]
at the Eaton Tracks.

G. A. Blackburn

~~Dr.~~ Paul Radin
J. Le Breton

AMERICAN - English - Page one. (1)

Mrs. S. was a nineteen year old American domestic when she first met her future husband ~~who was~~ a promising young and popular butcher boy.

Mrs. S's mother did'nt think much of this butcher friend who had nothing but his job and spent his spare time in the corner pool hall when he wasn't calling on his future wife.

The two young people decided they might just as well get married and share their poverty together in a warmer atmosphere.

Three children were born to the couple, one boy and two girls. By this time Mrs. S' was well aware of her husband's faults. He drank too much and he played poker. This lead to a "I told you so" I hope you'r satisfied" song. ~~This song was~~ kept up by various members of the family until it became a theme song. One of Mrs. S's brothers was very helpful. He suggested that if ~~they~~ the family couldn't remedy the condition ~~that~~ they stop chanting.

Mrs. S. caught a severe cold and was laid up for a week. During this time Mr. S. had to cook and mind the babies, One of his evening duties was to wash the baby's diapers. While he was gingerly handling these offensive garments and muttering to himself, his brother-in-law came in and caught him in the act. The brother-in-law laughed himself into tears and poked fun at the embarrassed husband who threw the diaper back into the tub, gave up the washing job, and swore that he would live to see this brother-in-law safely married and doing all the chores including the baby raising.

Mr. S's wish came true. Years later he caught his laughing brother-in-law down on his hands and knees washing the kitchen floor. He caught him washing dishes, washing baby clothes, changing baby diapers doing the shopping on his way home from work , and in short, doing seventy-five per cent of all the housework in addition to holding down his outside job.

Mr. S. laughed loud and long, ~~so~~ this was his joking brother-in-law. However the brother-in-law kept right on with his menial tasks and ignored the jokes. Mrs. S. reminded her brother when she saw him changing the baby, that he had poked fun at her husband so much that it had caused him to give up the housework when she needed him to help her during her illness. Now this same joker was working himself to the bone for a big healthy two hundred pound woman who took life at her ease.

Then came a day when someone saw Mr. S. doing something or going somewhere, ~~or something or other~~, or they had imagined it. At any rate a series of quarrels followed. It was one of those quarrels that become so involved that the disputants forget what the original ~~quarrel~~ difference was ~~all~~ about.

One night, several weeks after ~~a~~ the series of quarrels and everything seemed to have calmed down, Mrs. S. awoke screaming, blood trickled down her face, someone had struck her on the top of the head with a bottle. This attack cut a four inch gash on her head which ~~has~~ left a life long scar. This scar is coveredby her hair which she keeps carefully combed in a certain position.

As she awoke, she saw, by the light of the street lamp, a man resembling her husband jump from the window into the alley. Later witnesses told the police that they had seen what they believed to be Mr. S. running wildly down the street. A warrant was issued for his arrest but he had disappeared ~~into the night~~.

Mrs. S. was faced with the problem of providing for three small children. Her mother was busy boarding a soldier's child, for which she was never paid, ~~and this~~ child was eventually turned over to the authorities. This perenial sour mouth refused to help in any manner shape or form saying that the children where his children and he could look after them, completely forgetting that the were al so her child's children. ~~In other words they were her grandchildren and there was some relationship there.~~ The rest of the family went on their way ignoring the situation and tellihg Mrs. S. to do the best she could.

She finally found some friend living in the country who would board the two girls for a very reasonable sum. Another couple took the boy and charged nothing for this child's care. They wanted him for company and at the same time be of service to the bewildered mother. One brother purchased clothing for the children and kept in touch with the situation. He was the only one who showed any concern in his sisters plight.

Mrs. S. found that doing housework enabled her to save more money. She had no room rent, board or carfare, and her clothing ~~were~~ washable ~~house~~dresses attractive and durable which she made herself.

The housework was tedious and confining. One day a week was allowed for a rest day. Mrs. S. found that it was impossible ~~for her~~ to remain in her room and have any privacy on this day. Her employer would come up and ask her to mend something, or help her clean out a closet. There was always something to be done. On her night off, her employer would suddenly remember that she had to go somewhere, or that unexpected company ~~were~~ was coming. When the employer had a headache she was afraid to be alone and Mrs. S. had to remain on the job. These evenings which were given up where gone forever. There was no such thing as allowance for overtime. Mrs. S. would dress ~~up~~ and meander around town rather then stay in her room and be on call. This was tiresome as Mrs. S. liked to wash her hair and mend her clothes and do other little personal jobs.

Mrs. S's employer belonged to a swanky female card club where she would often loose as much as fifty dollars in one afternoon. Whenever this happened, Mrs. S. was sure that she would not receive her salary on pay day. She would have to wait until her employer could weedle an additional sum out of her husband, sometimes this method failed and the budget had to be juggled until part of the wages were paid. On no account could Mrs. S. go to the man of the house and ask for her money. She compared her experiences with other domestics and found the same condition in various forms. In order to keep friend husband in the dark, either about gambling debts, an expensive lover, too many clothes, or the wrong doings of some spineless son, money was diverted from salaries and other honest debts into ~~these~~ secret affairs.

Mrs S. struggled along ~~the~~ as best she could for about nine months. Suddenly she was notified that a man who resembled her husband was seen plowing in a field about fifty miles from San Francisco. He would be questioned as to his identity, no one seemed to know anything about him. When this man saw the detectives crossing the field in his direction he started to run but couldn't make it. When he was brought into the police station he said that he had no recollection of hitting his wife and was drunk that night and unable to remember what happened. However, he couldn't account for his furtive manner and his attempt to run away at the sight of strangers.

Mr. and Mrs. S. talked over their difficulties without the assistance of the in-laws. Life as a rich woman's servant did not appeal to Mrs. S. She was lonesome and tired and poor. Mr. & Mrs. S. decided that they would try living together in a neighboring town. This would put fifty miles between the families.

They rented a small apartment and furnished it with a ~~very~~ few pieces of furniture. The children were immediately sent for. Mrs. S. was a very handy woman and what she couldn't do with a bit of cast off clothing no one else could do. She cut down men's suits and made all of her sons clothing. Whenever anyone gave her a bit of material she added this to another bit of cloth making very stylish dresses for her girls.

Soon after they settled in their new life, Mr. S. obtained a job in the towns leading butcher shop. He became the most popular butcher, always remembering just how the customers liked their meat. He was the only butcher in town who could cut a French chop. People waited in line for him to serve them. When he cut meat for deliveries, he always remembered that Mrs. Jones wanted her meat cut thick, and Mrs. Smith wanted hers so thin that she could spread it all over the place. He remembered that Mrs. Brown wanted a small quantity of the best, and Mrs White who was in the same class, wanted large quantities of anything.

His job was secure. This encouraged them to buy an old two story wooden house with a large lot about ten blocks from the shop. Mrs. S. immediately got busy with mop, brushes, paint and whatnot. She planted Crysanthemums in the front yard, slicked up the front porch, hung curtains put up shelves here and there and in a short time had the place comfortable.

Mr. S. sneaked a few drinks now and then, but kept away from poker games. His salary was steadily increased. He was allowed free meat, lard and butter. He insisted on having something that "would stick to his ribs" to get this sticking effect he came home every day for lunch and sat down to a well provisioned table with fried meat and potatoes always on the menu.

Soon after this cozy place began to attract attention, Mrs. S's mother came down for a visit to see how her daughter was getting along and to soak up a little sunshine in her cranky bones. The sunshine was good, so was the treatment. The old battle axe liked the taste of T bone steaks with plenty of butter on them. When she left her daughter's house she was straining her back trying to carry away the roast, bacon, ham, butter and lard which had been given to her.

The old woman's report must have been good because two weeks later Mrs. S's whole family arrived with their spouses, children and their relatives. They gave Mr. S. a hearty slap on the back and kissed Mrs. S. and her dear little children. Good fellowship and love permeated the place. They ate Mrs. S's cakes, cleaned up the meat and all the gravey, the only thing that was left was a sink full of dirty dishes.

Everyone had a grand time Mr. & Mrs. S were popular. In fact they were so popular that the family came down regularly every Sunday. She grudgingly admitted that her son-in-law was a good provider earning $50.00 a week and his meat. He paid his bills regularly. He purchased a washing machine, vacuum, first class stove, and many other convenient household articles. If he spent anything on poker games it must have been only a few dimes.

Mrs. S. took a nerve medicine which contained a large amount of al cohol, although she didn't know it. To help the tired feeling she complained of, she took up Christian Science which she found helpful and still continues with this religion. She wasn't pesty with her religion and unconcerned about other peoples religious views. All of her spare time was taken up with gardening and sewing. She was generous with her cooking hints, and would stop her work to show a neighbor how to fix a collar or a sleeve.

Mrs. S. boarded a lovely baby whose young father, a sailor, refused to recognize. This baby's father rushed back east where he could hide behind his mother's skirts. The baby's mother rarely visited the infant and finally consented to put it out for adoption. This laughing and chattering baby was given a wonderful home. Her adopted parents gave her more love then her own parents would have given her in a life time.

While Mrs. S. boarded the baby, her hatchet faced mother visited the S home for two weeks. The baby's chattering annoyed her, the baby's laughing annoyed her. She would snap at the child and tell it to keep quiet. This frightened the little one and made it cry. The crying annoyed the old woman. She would complain that her daughter had enough work taking care of her children without burdening herself with little waifs. The S. children loved this little unwanted girl and gave it as much love and attention as though it were a little sister. This demonstration of affection also annoyed the grandmother who would tell them to stop being silly, stop this and stop that. It was a great day when the old woman packed her ham and bacon and left, muttering that in all her born days she had never seen such a crazy family.

Two years later, after the unwanted baby's mother had married and was about to have another child, her conscience must have bothered her because she visited Mrs. S. and wanted to know who had adopted the child. Mrs. S. asked her why she had abandoned the baby when she knew that she was going to be married and have a home. The young mother's answer was that she was afraid her husband would think of her first love every time he looked at the little girl. The little girl might grow up to resemble her father. If her new husband didn't see the child he wouldn't be reminded of the past. As it was, this particular man worried more about the abandonment then he did about having to provide for it himself. At the time that the mother consented to give up the baby she was an employed telephone operator and while she didn't earn very much she was far from ragged. Several people had volunteered to help her raise the child. One women provided all the equipment and necessities for the baby.

This mother was now more concerned in what had become of her first baby then she was of her plucked eyebrows and other adornment.

Mrs. S. felt sorry for the young mother. She told her that she did not know who had the baby except from reports that it was given every attention and plenty of love. Mrs. S. didn't reveal the fact that she had visited the pretty little baby girl in her new home. She felt that the time had passed for the mother to be considered. It was time to consider the woman who had adopted and cared for the unwanted baby when it needed love and care the most. Mrs. S. went to church and did some earnest praying before she came to this conclusion. A decision she has not regretted.

Everything went along smoothly in the S. family. Mr. S occasionally met his friends at their homes or at some resort. They were never invited to lunch at his home. The most frequent guests were his in-laws. Mrs. S's favorite brother- who had helped her in time of need, came down occasionally and always made himself useful fixing the steps, doing a little painting, chopping wood, etc. One could always see results of his visit. The others sat around and talked, sang, played ball and ate. And how they ate. There wasn't enough left for the canary bird to pick on.

Occasionally Mr. S. would fall off the water wagon with a bang. It was then that the family would run over to Uncle and Aunt Joe's place to stay there all night. Mr. S. would wreck a few things, quarrel with himself, then flop into bed leaving the front and back doors wide open. The next morning he could be found cutting meat at the butcher shop at the usual hour.

Aunt and Uncle Joe were not real relatives. This was just a nick name. Uncle Joe had once been in love with Mrs. S's mother. They had almost married. Uncle Joe had difficulty in making up his mind and the engagement dragged until he found a convenient time to break it off.

A few years later uncle Joe married aunt Joe, and Mrs. S's mother married a young man with artistic inclinations. It was a miserable life this man lead. His wife had no room in the house nor in her mind for such things as he dreamed of. Her chief concern was to see that he earned a living for them all and that no dust found its way into the house. She was one of those housekeepers who are so clean that there is no living with them. When "Ma" visited her daughter she went around the house with a dust cloth mumbling about the way some people track up things. "Uncle Joe" sat in a corner and smoked his pipe and often told Mrs. S. that he did not regret his marriage to aunt Joe. "Your mother" he said "would have dusted me out of existence." "Funny how close we came to getting married. I came very near being your father." Mrs. S replied that he came very near living her father's life, and wouldn't be sitting in a comfortable corner talking and smoking with such a comfortable expression on his face.

"Uncle and Aunt Joe" were old retired caterers. They had a comfortable little home filled with silverware and fine dishes which they told Mrs. S. would be hers after the death of aunt Joe.

Aunt Joe died suddenly of heart failure, and from all sections of the country relatives swarmed in to attend the funeral. One never knows how many relatives one has until a funeral is about to start. The dead woman's relatives made themselves comfortable at her house thus keeping Mrs. S. at a distance. When the relatives finally departed Mrs. S. took a short walk over to see "uncle Joe" When she walked back to her own home two hours latter she was carrying a glass candle stick in one hand and a candle stick in the other hand. "What happened to those dishes you were promised these many years?" inquired an interested neighbor. Mrs. S. held up the candlesticks and said in a low voice "aren't they pretty?" They took everything, all but the furniture. It must have been a profitable funeral for these relatives. Aunt Joe had had more companionship and pleasure from her association with Mrs. S. then she had ever had from her relatives. Some of whom she had not seen for many years. Uncle Joe protested at this wholesale removal of his wifes possessions, saying that she had promised certain articles to Mrs. S. These remarks made the relatives very indignant. "Who was Mrs. S anyway" "do you think more of strangers then you do of your own family etc. etc." "blood is thicker then water etc.etc." Uncle Joe was no match for a lot of enthusiastic self-helpers. Why they left the candle sticks behind has always been a mystery.

The S. family had been living in their lovely little town for about ten years when Mr. S. had an opportunity to purchase the butcher shop where he had been employed all these years. In order to raise part of the money they sold their home, thinking that later the butcher shop would be the means of buying them a better house.

After the purchase of the shop Mr. S. was mobbed with "friends" They people would drop in with something on their hip, the backroom was a popular place. After offering Mr. S. "some of the real stuff, just came in by boat" (some of the imported stuff just came out of the bottom of a lousy barrel). These "friends" usually walked away with a juicy steak. This got to be a racket. The "boys" all carried the original stuff on their hips. Mr. S. figured that now that he was boss he could do as he pleased and attend a poker game . He completely forgot that one of the chief reasons why he had been employed so steadily during all these years was because people liked his personal service and the way he served telephone orders. When he became the boss he forgot that he was part of the shops prosperity. He put a young fellow in his place who meerly cut meat when he was told to. People could look at their meat and know that Mr. S. hadn't laid hands nor eye on it. Some not-so-fresh oysters were delivered to one of their wealthiest customers. This was a very serious mistake. Other mistakes followed. The shop was running itself and looked it. "Mr. S. is not attending to business" "His service is getting poor" "Doesn't carry the same high grade meat" etc. These words found their way to Mrs. S. who began to worry

foreseeing the collapse of all their plans.

Mrs. S. began to "preach" telling him to mend his ways or they would loose everything. He should stop drinking and gambling and cut out his "goodtime Charley" friends. He resent these lectures. He was a number one butcher and he knew it. He didn't need her to tell him how to run a butcher shop etc. she could wash the dishes and clean her house and mind her business while she was doing it. Mrs. S. replied that if things continued as they were she wouldn't have any dishes to wash or any house to clean, then she would have plenty of time to mind her own business.

Mr. S. who had been such a fine employee was a total failure and his own ruination as his own employer. No matter how drunk he had been the night before Mr. S. never lost a days work. But as his own master he came in when he pleased if at all, and that was generally too late.

The butchershop quickly sank into a condition where it required a great deal of work and attention to keep it going. A new shop had just been opened two doors down the street where Mr. S. good customers were now trading. Moochers and bad accounts were still trading where they could get away with it. In a short time Mr. S. found himself without a job and without a shop. He had sold his interest for a song and had signed an agreement that he would not open another butchershop in the same town for the period of one year. The man who purchased the shop was an old resident and respected in the community.

Mr. S. promptly forgot this written agreement and immediately invested the little cash he had gott~~en~~ from the sale, charging fixtures and meat to his account he opened a shop a few doors down from his old place. This violation of the sale agreement went to court and Mr. S. was promptly put out of business. The people who installed the equipment took what belonged to them. All this did not help his already fast dwindling reputation.

He found himself without a shop, without money, and without a home, as he had been spending his evenings with a one time actress who operated a not-too-prosperous resort in the hills above the town. This woman evidently didn't nag him about his butchershop, and while she was not as young nor as attractive as his wife she must have been comfortable company because he made no effort to leave her fireplace.

He could have reinstated himself by batching and taking any kind of work until the trouble blew over. But instead he moved in with the actress resort keeper. He had evidently found his choice of a mate. They both puttered around the place which had very little business. They cooked together and drank together. Mr. S. had never been a handy man about the house. He could not drive a nail without smashing his finger, and he could not help put up a shelf without knocking himself on the head with it. As a handy man around a resort his chief concern must have been to empty full bottles.

Some of the butchers openly said that if Mr. S. would straighten himself and quit his associates, take up his family responsibilities they would give him a job. These messages were repeated to him, but evidently he was very com fortable in his surroundings because he always came back after weak attempts to go straight.

This aimless life went on for several years. When Mr. Sl wanted a few dollars and was sober enough to earn them, he occasionally worked at odd jobs.

In between times they argued with Father Riker, who was the founder, master, spiritual leader and all around boss of Holy City. These scraps which the actress had with the wily father were not on a spiritual order. It seems that the actress's mother owned a large ranch where the resort was located which was in spitting distance to Father Riker Bizarre Barracks. The actress claimed that father Riker set up a couple of shacks on her land. It seems that the people of that district were a little careless about their boundary lines. Few of them seem to know just where their ranches end or begin. Father Ricker is a man who looks like a bum but he can move mountains without any labor trouble. Father Riker and mother Riker with a few diciples perched their shack next to Mr. S. actress friend. Presently another shack arose, more diciples arrived. These diciples worked seven days a week for their room and board. In a few years they had fruit trees, bees, stock and whatnot. As it was necessary to pass through Holy City to get to Santa Cruz people stopped and purchased sandwiches, honey, drinks, gas fruit, home made cakes and whatnot. They stuck their pennies and then their right eye into holes to see what Father had to say about Philosophy and love. If you stuck another penny and your eye into the next hole you could see a continuation of what Father Riker says is love. The mountains were moved to fill up the side of the hill to allow room for an ~~animal~~ zoo and other things.

Father Riker's diciples painted the town orange, purple, red and a few other mixed colors. They did not get painter's wages for this but they did get a promise of ever lasting life. If they died it was because they had not obeyed the laws of their faith. (these fellows are a little hazy about the laws, saying that Father can explain them better) As soon as they had moved the mountain to where they thought they could use it, they built a zoo. The farmers about the mountains often had a stray skunk, wild cat, buzzard, whatziss, one-eyed soup hound, all these things were given fancy names and put in cages so that the tourists who were tired of looking into Philo sophy and love could look at the only wingless buzzard in existence.

All this brought in pennies, nickles and dimes, a la Woolworth. Mr. S's actress friend resented this cheap stuff and claimed that his large home-made wooden angels with gilded wings obstructed the view of her place and caused people to pass her resort without noticing it. Father Riker believed that wooden angeles were good for the masses and he proceeded to put up bigger and better angels. On the other side of the road where the zoo and the peep shows were located he built some little wooden dwarfs (for those who like dwarfs) ~~in all~~ he built everything.

Father Riker decided that there was no sense in having all the Santa Cruz - Los Gatos wrecks wind up in the town's many garages, so he set up a tow service and garage. These mechanics got their meals, clothes, room, and religion free. They couldn't get free love because their women were shipped to another colony at the request of the authorities. This publicity brought in about $10,000.00 worth of business. Father Riker didn't have to put any adds in the papers for years as they had photographed every shack on the place.

The Holy City garage did well and this encouraged "Father" put up a butcher shop, barber shop, general store etc. He had to wait for the converts to arrive before he could put up a building suitable to the converts former occupation. People were a bit afraid of the barber, whatever he lacked in the hair cutting line he made up in lousy jokes which were a bit too strong for most customers.

A printing press and other things too numerous to mention were rapidly set up and the Los Gatos Chamber of Commerce complained that Father Riker with his slave labor was competing with them. He was denounced. There evidently was no way to put him out of business because the Chamber of Commerce eventually invited him to join them. He did not go to the Chamber, the Chamber went to him. Things GO to father Riker, as one convert proudly said.

Mr. S's actress friend said that Father was trying to put her out of business so they could purchase the place. Suddenly the actress took sick, in about a week she was dead. Her daughter came from Los Angeles to take her little half brother home with her. At the funeral one of her former husbands, who was a mincing ham actor, wept and between loud sobbing told the mourners, or spectators, what a wonderful woman she had been. Mr. S. sat alone in a corner when the actor spied him and walked up putting his arms around the lonely lover. All this funeral needed was a little bit of Gilbert and Sullivan music to set it off.

The actress was no sooner buried when Father Riker made an offer for her resort. She had said that if she were to die she would never sell her place to Father Riker. The place was sold to Father Riker who planned on "improving the city"

During these years while Mr. S. "lived his own life" Mrs S. lived ~~the~~ best she could, taking in sewing. Her only son had an opportunity to show what stuff he was made of. He promptly got himself a job as delivery boy and in the evenings he operated the electric piano in the towns only show. He was also handy with the broom. He was a great help to his mother and was treated like a man by the townsfolk. His two sisters did a dab of work now and then, but were not very dependable. They were more interested in being flappers then in the family welfare.

Mrs. S. had discovered after her husbands departure that she was considered old fashioned. He had never permitted her to bob her hair. She not only had it cut, but also had it hennaed. She went in for very gaudy ear rings, gained some weight and landed herself a job as sodawater sqirter in the town's leading drug store. She had always been a bit quiet and not inclined to talk to strangers. All this was changed, she became very friendly, developed a cheerful conversation, was popular and efficient. When she wanted a drink she drank liquor instead of disguised medicine. She found out later about the medicine and kidded the doctor about his prescription. He took it as a good fellow.

Patrick, Charles

It was my great pleasure to encounter in my travels a most delightful old lady. When I told her my errand she smiled and was most sympathetic. She said she had had a very eventful life; it had been full of luxury, joy and sorrows. And this is what she told me.

Her father had been a country squire of considerable estate, the Manor joining that of the older Lord Rothschild, and they had grown up together. After her education was completed she wanted to do something for the poor and the sick. There was in the Church of England a congregation of ladies called the "Puseyite sisters". They were very high church, almost Catholic. They lived together, not as in a convent, but as friends, ready to visit etc. They were obliged to have an income of £200 to $1000 a year as self support. They were evidently much in demand and went around everywhere. They did not attend the rich, rather they expected the latter to help with donations for the poor, etc. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, a great number went to France

They volunteered as nurses, and at first they saw actors serving on the battle fields even under fire. They endeavored to find the wounded and have them taken into the hospitals. Most of the scenes were enough to deter the stoutest hearted, piles of dead and dying, many blown to pieces, and others begging for help. The work was made more difficult by the constant fire and the Germans ever pushing on to their goal, Paris.

It was in this work they came under the guidance of the famous Florence Nightingale. She, without doubt, was the most famous character of the war. Many a poor French soldier owed his life to her skill and care, and she was a wonderful inspiration to all.

But gradually the Germans were advancing. The French could not hold them. Slowly but surely they surrounded Paris and every one had to retreat within the walls. They were then under seige. The hospitals were crowded and with that large population it soon became impossible to feed even the wounded.

How pleased they were to find three or four potatoes in the traps in the morning: that was all they had to eat. Slowly a perfect state of starvation came about. They could not hold out, life could not exist. The Germans had done their work, and everything and everyone was at their mercy. There was nothing left but complete surrender. The French were compelled to pay, within those days, an enormous indemnity, 1,000,000,000 francs. This marvelously they did in a short time. The frugal French people came forward with their savings. It was this money that really built up the German army as we saw later on.

France was defeated but free and interior troubles commenced. The people blamed Napoleon III. He had to escape to England, and as history shows the awful French revolution broke out. The Empress Eugenie was secreted out of Paris, secretly with her son and went to England. The mob took control and blood flowed everywhere, it was the birth of the French Republic.

The nurses returned to England, but not to the old calling, younger ones had taken their places.

One of the great events of the last century had just started. The Rev. John Henry Newman, a don of Oxford, had become a Catholic. Thru his preaching he carried thousands with him. It was what was known as the Oxford movement. Newman became a priest and was afterwards made a Cardinal and as the world knows him to-day, one of England's greatest scholars.

The man soon afterwards married an Irishman, who was connected with the great Gladstone fighting for the Irish home rule bill. The fight was long and bitter and, as it is known, met defeat at first, but afterwards won complete success. This union was very happy and two sons were born. These boys were educated in England and France. The older one roamed around the world being quite successful in engineering. The younger was destined for public life and was starting his career when the war broke out and changed every thing. The boy answered the call of his country and became a soldier. He was made an officer, served on the western

front, afterwards in Bulgaria, was twice mentioned for great bravery, but unfortunately was very badly wounded and spent four months at the hospital in Bombay. He next went to Mesopotamia with General Maud. There, it was guerilla warfare all the time, the Turks would not come out and fight, and once after repulsing an attack he was returning to camp with two wounded men, when he received a bullet in the base of his brain. He was entirely paralyzed and died in four days.

That was the finishing blow to an eventful life. She had nothing for which to live. She was growing feeble both in mind and body and her great desire was to join her son.

It is to be trusted Almighty God will grant her wish and not leave her alone.

Patrick Clarke

English Sydney Springer

F. D. was born in Manchester, England, forty two ~~42~~ years ago, the ~~and~~ is now a San Francisco attorney.

The imposing, two-story, gable-house was set quite far back from the road with large chestnut trees obscuring the view from the towns-people who tried to discern the outlines of the magnificent structure as they passed ~~by~~. They had been told that behind those trees was a residence of august size.

To F. D., who was lucky enough to call this home, there were the rows and rows of roses to wander through. Three brothers and two sisters shared the ~~this~~ quaint old English garden with him, so he never lacked playmates. They loved to stay home in this clean, fresh environment ~~of nature~~, ~~cleanliness~~, ~~and freshness~~; for the town of Manchester was not a beautiful spot of itself. There were many factories and many districts where ~~these~~ working people lived which were not as pleasing to the eye as was their home.

It was years before he knew why his father ~~would~~ rushed out of the house at all hours of the night, with a little black bag. He had known ever since he was able to realize anything that his father was a very busy man and he must make more money than the average or they would not be in such an establishment ~~established~~ as they were.

He was almost five before he was cognizant of his father's profession. Even then he did not realize what it meant to be a doctor. It had something to do with science. But what was science? He had heard his mother and father discussing the progress being made in American science. He had heard them say something about the medical field. A doctor must be a scientist.

One very cold day, ~~which was~~ not uncommon in Manchester, F. D. was sitting on a rock down in the corner of garden figuring out what he would

be when he grew up. His oldest brother came running down to him, shouting, "Bet you can't guess what! We're going to America, the land of Freedom, Opportunity, Advantages. We are going ~~real~~ very soon, too. There are some men up at the house right now talking over the sale of the house and of father's practice."

This news settled F. D.'s mind ~~as to~~ about his future occupation. If they were going to America, he could be a doctor of medicine; for that is where they were making such progress in medicine. He would go and pack his toys and then go to America to study medicine.

He searched the house until he found his mother to get the truth of the matter. Were they really going to America? What was it like? Was it as big as Manchester? Was it as cold as Manchester? How long would it take to get there? Did they have to go on a train? Who had told them about it?

Their mother was never too busy to answer her children's questions, so she went into great length ~~to~~ telling them that their father's cousin had gone to America and settled in Kentucky, a part of the United States. He had gone into the distilling business and had been writing to F. D.'s father for years to come there and join him. This cousin had painted glowing pictures of how easy it was to make money in America. Making money had never been difficult for F. D.'s father, so this was not an incentive; but his father was a scholar and because of the fact that a great deal of progress was being made in the science of medicine in America, he had finally decided to make the change.

F. D. was satisfied. He started running all around the house yelling at the top of his voice-----"I'm going to 'Merica to get rich. I'm going to be a BIG DOCTOR."

When the affairs were all settled in Manchester, the ~~Doctor~~ of, his wife and six children sailed for New York. Strange as it may seem they

never did go to Kentucky, for they wanted to get away from cold climates and after looking into the matter very thoroughly decided to go to California. San Francisco was the first stop, but as climate was uppermost in their minds, they soon settled in San Jose where they had been told they could have climate and more varieties of trees and flowers than they had ever known in Manchester.

They were soon established in a home that they thought must be the "garden spot of the world". They were extremely happy and satisfied with the change; things went on in a very pleasant way for many years. However, it was years and years before F. D. realized that his father actually had a preference for San Jose; for he had heard his father repeat over and over again the story of his home in Manchester. He boasted of his practice and home back in England that he had foolishly left to come to America; but it was just a British trait to be loyal to the land of his birth. Nevertheless, he was loyal at all times to America. His eyes shone with the happiness of this golden land and its beautiful supply of everything to make one happy.

F. D. remembers his father as very stern, a typical British father; but lovable at heart and kindly in his expressions. It was his father's habit to walk out through the garden every morning before breakfast. On one particular morning he sat down to breakfast in a very pensive mood. The family could see that the father was in deep thought. The father looked up and said, "Now, I know why people cling to life and hold it so dearly. I realized this morning when I saw the sun, a fiery red ball, come out of the East. The roses with drystal drops of dew standing out like cabishon diamonds on their colorful bosoms. Everything so green and quiet and at peace with the Universe.....I wish it were in my power to live on forever and to help people to live on forever, just to see each morning these beautiful things God has created for us."

He was sincere in this wish and was always doing something for others. He would give money to those in need, in addition to giving much free medical attention, and it was very common for us to have strangers for dinner, whom my father had brought home to help. He would even assist them to find work and many things too numerous to mention. It was not long before he had built up a large practice and an enormous circle of friends.

He had soon saved $20,000. and had it invested in Building and Loan stock. Two men, an attorney and an investment broker, advised him to sell out and let them invest it for him. They knew more about investments in America and they could be of assistance. This he did and it was the last he saw of his money. They told him they had lost it in something they had thought was sure.

He was a courageous man and this discouragement was short lived. He made no trouble, as he believed as did the Duke of Venice in Shakespeare's Othello:

> "To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
> Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
> What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
> Patience her injury a mockery makes.
> The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
> He robs himself that spends a bootless grief."

He continued to prosper until ~~one day~~ he suffered a stroke of apoplexy and was in a wheel chair for seven years. Doctors, nurses and household expenses soon ~~diminished~~ consumed the money ~~his father~~ had accumulated since his great loss. At the age of ~~67~~ sixty-seven F. D.'s father ~~passed away~~ died.

F. D. had planned on entering college the month his father was striken. He had been doing a great deal of studying preparatory to entering medical

school and was ready to sail on, but things were different now. There was no telling how long his father would be in a wheel chair — how long these heavy expenses would keep up. He had to help with the expenses and the full support would fall upon F. D. and his younger brother before long. The other children were married and unable to help. Medicine would take so long to study and he had to work while going to school; so he decided to study law.

He secured a position with a newspaper, editing telegraph news; thereby paying for his schooling and helping at home. He stayed at this work for a year and attended Law School at night. He then received a position with a large Insurance Company as Department Manager. When he was ready to practice law he resigned from his Insurance position and ~~took up with~~ joined a large law firm for experience.

He had just formed a partnership with another lawyer when the World War broke into his career. F. D., ~~as~~ like all patriotic young men of the time, heard the call and was in the Service for one and one-half years as a Lieutenant of Infantry. He never got Overseas. Many things happened ~~in~~ rapidly during that time. His father died; he was married, went to War; Baby girl was born to them.

Soon after being discharged from Service, he opened his own practice and is at the present time a San Francisco attorney.

His mother never got over the loss of her husband and died on the same day as our President Harding, August 2, 1923.

F.D. recalled many things that his practice taught him, viz: The many emotions governing persons, the prepossessness of ingratitude abounding so profusely, deception, lack of reason governing deportment in business and legal matters. The following will serve to illustrate.

He told of one instance where a prominent contractor and builder in a small newly opened district picked up a man who had straggled into town and was lying in the gutter drunk. He took home the drunk and gave him a bath and change of clothes and dinner. He put him up for the night and gave him a good job and ultimately made him a partner and was rewarded by the man's making love to his wife and breaking up his home.

Ingratitude manifested itself frequently in the cases of persons charged with crime, who, when their acquittal was won, delighted in defrauding their benefactor of his fees.

Deception is practiced all too frequently. Deception of the one they looked to for assistance and who can only be of aid when fully informed of the truth. In one instance he was employed by an automobile repair shop proprietor to collect some $1200.00. The client signed and swore to a complaint alleging that the amount was all due and unpaid and with this evidence state of facts accepted as the truth they proceeded to court. Here the client glibly proceeded to tell his story in conformity with the information imparted to F.D. and to the consternation of F.D. the opposition produced check after check showing payment of the amount alleged to be due all bearing the indorsement of the client. Of course the case was lost and when the client pressed for an explanation none was forthcoming.

One peculiar thing is the tendency of people persons to ignore supersede the judgment of the trained professional man in determining whether certain facts are important or not. Often the seemingly unimportant when

weighed ~~with~~ against the other factors, becomes an essential link in the chain that makes a case plausible and reasonable, and plausibility and reasonability are inescapable essentials in every case. Clients will hold back details and, beleiv~~ing~~e them unimportant even though the importance of details are called to their attention, ~~and~~ thus jeopardize a good case.

The tendency of people to take the advice of their neighbors in opposition to the ~~trained man~~ expert they are paying is a difficult thing for the lawyer to contend with. ~~Persons~~ People forget that free untrained advice is worth exactly what they pay for it. It is hard to keep people who are worried about their legal ~~matters~~ affairs in line. They bother an attorney day after day for no reason other than to be reassured of their success.

It is not an uncommon thing for men in anger to sacrifice property and money they have struggled ~~so~~ many years to accumulate. One case was that of two partners who had invested about $40,000.~~00~~ in a very elaborate stylish restaurant and began to quarrel. One suggested that one or the other buy out the other or sell as a whole, pay their bills and divide the remainder. The other, in anger, would not listen and insisted on suing to dissolve the partnership, putting a receiver in charge of the business and selling out the property under the direction of the Court. This resulted in the good-will being destroyed and as most of the fixtures were immovable the property sold for a mere pittance and was a total loss to both. Anger plays an important part in domestic relations cases, ~~and~~ results in divisions of property and dissipation.

So many times he was confronted with lack of reason in business that it is almost unbelievable. ~~He had~~ There was the case of one man, a doctor, who was very wealthy, and could never say no to any swindler who approached him. Although warned by F.D. never to invest a dollar unless the proposition was investigated, he never heeded the advice. Almost

every month this doctor would give to some swindler from a $1000.00 to $5000.00 and would always this performance repeat, in spite of experience and warni and died leaving his family but a few thousand dollars instead of ~~his~~ a fortune.

Most people do things first and consult the lawyer afterwards. Had they consulted him first the cost would be but a few dollars, but when they get into trouble first and consult him afterwards it becomes a costly matter.

Political views.

F.D. is a Republican. He is opposed to present policies for the reason that control of business results in slowing business. The American people reached their heights in business and science because of their great initiative and freedom from control of the State. If present policies continue we will have less freedom than when we fought the War of Independence. By a gradual series of encroachments we are losing our freedom and this is insidious and dangerous because ~~its~~ their encircling tentacles slowly, and not abruptly entwine us, and we get used, by degrees, to the curtailment of our liberties. The Government should attend to governing us, not engulfing us.

G.L.WILLETT,
DIST.I.

XXXXXXXX Mr.Blank
ENGLISH.
London

LONDON MAN COMES TO AMERICA
TO MAKE HIS HOME.

He is one ~~Member~~ of a family of three children, all having been carefully tutored from infancy, ~~later~~ and finally given college educations. This boy chose phychology as his chief interest. He attended Oxford, graduated and engaged in post graduate studies.

He wished to become a lecturer and psychophysicist. ~~also to practice~~. To this end he worked from the beginning of his university days. His brother is and in England, also a sister, ~~still~~.

There ~~xx~~ ~~had been~~ were quite an inheritance for the three after the parents ~~passed away~~ died, but the estate dwindled, and with low interest, paid no great amount.

No ¶ Both boys engaged in remunerative occupations. But in England among the classes in which these people moved, women do not ordinarily pursue remunerative work, in other words seek to earn their living. So both boys turned over to their sister their portions of the income, thereby giving her a good living. And this brother came to America.

He continued to study, and write learned articles for professional magazines ~~and others~~ pursuing the study of psychology and kindred subjects.

After traveling around ~~various locations~~ in the United States, he ~~located~~ settled in San Francisco, opening offices here. Part of the time he ~~is~~ was out of town lecturing to women's clubs, or in colleges.

He has had phenominal results in some cases where a patient is deranged in some particular angle of thinking; also in overcoming diffidence, which is so exaggerated as to menace ordinary success in life.

submitted by
H.C.Beckwith
Nov.19th 1934

English

Off the bleak coast of Nova Scotia is located the English possession of Prince Edward's Island, Charlottetown, being the capital city as well as the principal seaport.

The Cooper family, whose venture I am going to relate was one of the island's influential families; Captain Cooper being the c olony's representative to Parliament in London. In addition, he was a doctor by profession and an experienced master of navigation. Many times had he heard of the wonders and glories of California, especially of the potential wealth and even climate. The rigorous northern clime was trying on both him and his family as well, thus it was that he decided to come to the wonder state.

In a wooden sailing vessel of his own construction and design, he and his wife, together with their six children, four boys and two girls, along with the crew, set sail in May, eightteen-fifty. Though laden with ample supplies to see them through, it was a courageous undertaking, especially as full responsibility rested on him alone. During Endless days of rough and tedious sailing down the menancing Atlantic, the sturdy little craft proceeded with its precious cargo, surely a daring and risky venture at that time; but for the tried and valiant captain that he was , together with that of a courageous family, success was a certainty. They sailed Around the horn into the Pacific, three months already elapsed, and a like period was yet to be consumed spent before they would arrive in California. The hardships and experiences encountered are untold, and but in spite of all obstacles they continued on into the West.

In the middle of August of that year, after six months spent at sea, the snug little ship nosed its way through the Golden Gate, and the voyage ended.

At this time there was a pestilence and fever raging in San Francisco, and the brave little family was not to be ~~overlooked~~ spared. Sad to relate, Mrs.Cooper was stricken and died. Discouraged by his loss, the captain decided to return home alone, as his family could not be prevailed upon to make the return trip with him.

Most of the land in and around San Francisco at this time was taken by Spanish grant, so it was that the four brothers and two sisters proceeded into Northern California, landing in Humboldt County, ~~where they stayed~~. Here, the first grist mill in the county was built by them, in a land occupied mostly by Indians. Desperate indeed was the trouble they encountered with the copper hued denizens, three of the brothers being killed by them. The part played by this pioneer family had a great deal to do with the final submission of the savages.Wild and rough as the country was, the brave group remained, and in course of time acquired large holdings of land. Thrilling was life to them in the Northern wilds and it can be safely said, that their inborn steadfastness and stability had a lasting effect on the county's future welfare. All the brothers and the two sisters married prominent citizens of the section, and their descendents can well feel proud of their brave forbears.

Dr Paul Radin:

~~In my observations~~ on other days I had seen this man and it struck me that perhaps he would have a story to tell. He was about ~~50~~ fifty-five years of age, although, without ~~a~~ close scrutiny, he could have passed for younger. His hair was tinged with grey, and he ~~carried~~ had a deep scar on his forehead, and although he was not shabbily dressed there was room for improvement. He had a peculiar habit when speaking, of smiling ~~as it were~~ to himself, as though with the thought of a pleasant recollection. Having shown the proper friendly spirit in my interrogations he told me the following story:

" I come from Hampstead in England, ~~and~~ I left there when I was ~~21~~ twenty-five years old. When I was ~~14~~ fourteen years old my father put me in a boarding school. My mother was dead. My father was a solicitor, or a lawyer, as they are callled here. I went to a major school and when I was ~~21~~ twenty-one I went to work in my father's office.

" I met a ~~swell~~ nice girl, her name was Ellen and we were going to be married, but she threw me down for a man who was supposed to be friehd of mine, which made me feel pretty bad.

" One day when I was sitting in a park ~~[illegible]~~ watching some pigeons, which are as common there as sparrows are in this country, a girl came down and sat beside me.

" I think I have seen you somewhere before" she said.

"Yes", I answered, I have seen you in the tea shop a few times".

" I remembered having seen her several times at this place, but had paid no particular attention to her. After a little talk she told me she was a dressmaker and that her name was Mabel. "I like people and I like you" she said, "Wont you come and call on me sometime?."

" I found her in a little flat of three rooms but, so help me, there were no signs of any dressmaking. Anyhow, I had an idea that she probably worked somewhere else, and being a young fellow then, ~~and then~~ just getting over the bumping from the other girl, I got interested in her and found myself calling on her regularly. One day I came in unexpectedly and I found an old fellow there. The old devil was not entirely dressed, and neither was she, and there was some money lying on the table. Well, I gave her hell, but she looked at me kind of funny. Do you know what she said? All she said was - "What do you think? a girl must live." I never saw her again. That settled it for me with the woman, as for anything serious. I ~~became~~ was disgusted.

" My father died about three months after that, and with the money which he left, which amounted to about three thousand dollars in American money, I took a boat and came to San Francisco by way of New York. Some friends of my fathers had located in Woodland, and I went there and worked as a clerk in a general store to learn the business. I stayed there three years and came to San Francisco and opened a grocery store in the Mission."

" About this time the war came along. I was not married ~~and~~ was British subject. I sold out and went to Vancouver and enlisted. I went over there and when I was mustered out, I went to London." (Note by writer, I could not get him to tell me anything about his experience in the war zone. He seemed to want to avoid the subject). "I could not stand it there, and it did not look like any money could be made there, so I came back to San Francisco as I liked it here."

" I still had some money left as I took to gambling on the market and had ~~with~~ some pretty good luck and in 1929 I had about $ 35000 on paper. I held on too long, and the market ~~that~~ broke on me, and here I am now sweeping around for a living. I have a few apartment houses which I look after with odd repair jobs."

* * * * *

"Have you become an American citizen yet" I asked him.

" No" he replied, hesitatingly, " not yet. If I ever get the chance I think I will try and get down into South America, but I think I'll stick until I can see how this stuff I have left works out.

Frank J Taforo.

F J Taforo

Englishman

L 526

Mr. Y.

~~Mr. Y.~~ was born in London, England on the 8th of 1889. He was the youngest of two children, both boys.

His father, at the time of his birth, held a nominal position in the Bank of England as one of the first tellers, and while the salary was small, considering the time to be worth he had gone in as messenger as a boy. They were able to live in comfort.

As a boy he attended the public and high schools, and as his father wished his boy to know for a business career, gave him a course in business College.

Strong of the influence of his father at the age of eighteen he found himself at the foot of the ladder in the banking business. He says he liked it and hoped to make it his life work. After he matured, they advanced in a few years to where he was earning a fair salary with a bright outlook for further advancement, when out

~~Sup~~ He left the Fork and, wd com
in active training, being attached to the
~~infantry~~ infantry ~~of the army.~~ ~~Sup~~ His company
was one of the first to be sent to France
and ~~in~~ in the first week or two it was
~~the~~ as the ~~all~~ all were lost, and the Germans neared
Paris, but the tide was turned and
the city saved, for the time at least. At
this stage of the war, ~~my~~ the slaughter
was terrible. In three days fighting my
most of the boys in his company were either
killed or wounded, but with the exception
of having his hat shot off he got through
~~up to this time~~ unharmed.

Like most of the boys who have gone
through the World War, many times one
to talk about it they want to forget it
and you can't blame them. ~~The boy of~~
~~it was an exception to the rule.~~ ~~my~~ He
served through the duration of the war
and during that time was wounded
twice, but has recovered and feels no

Mr. Y.

After the war he returned to London, and soon found like thousands of others, who had gone with him, that there was not waiting for him, as others had ~~taken his place~~ filled the p. But after six months of tramping the streets, he found a position in another bank, at a far reduced salary, and says he felt that he was starting all over again, but anyway it was ~~a position~~ something, and helped him to forget the four years of hell he had been through. After staying here for six years, in the meantime making his home with his father and mother, staying the portion of expenses to help lighten the load, he had been advanced to a responsible position in the Bank.

At this time he was offered a chance to take a position paying more money and with a better opportunity for advancement, in one of their branch banks in Hong-Kong, China, with the promise that

if he didn't like it there, he could return to London, and his old position would be waiting for him. ~~So~~ He had nothing to lose, and everything to gain, and as his chances for travel and seeing the world had been limited, he decided to make the move.

On landing in Hong Kong, he was surprised to find so many English speaking people, and soon found that he liked the city, and would not be the same.

After being there a year, ~~or two~~, he sent his fiancée, and married an English girl, and soon found himself a monthly magazine reader. ~~So that~~ Much of his work consisted in looking over the books and other branches pertaining to other branches of the trade, and he had a fine opportunity of seeing a big portion of China

After living in China for three years found himself the father of a big. ~~so he say~~ he now had added responsibilities. He ~~I~~ for that people who have never been in China would get the surprise of their life at the many modern business blocks, ~~found~~ in many of these large cities. These being done ~~being~~ ~~caused~~ by the foreign capital. It is ~~they~~ who have erected fortunes on there, and on the other hand you have the dirty narrow streets, and squalor of the native portion of the city, but as time goes on these conditions are getting better. He ~~He~~ thinks of opening industries, if ~~they~~ she can get away with it, he such control of the entire country. ~~say~~ During his residence in China he found that he liked and respected the Chinese for their honesty, but he is sorry to say that he cannot say the same for the Japs, these says one business dealings you have with them.

At this time through his Banking connections he was offered a position in Berkeley California, and as he had always wanted to see the United States, he decided to make the change. So, in due time he and his family landed here, and without any loss of time, he had taken up his new position. After remaining in Berkeley for two years he moved to Los Angeles, he says the only thing that he has regretted about his work in the Banking business was that he was allowed to stay long at one place. in other words he was the doctor in his business, it was up to him when things were not going right to buck and find out why, and do his best to get them going again, and say at this time you would be surprised how many sick calls he was getting

After remaining in the south for two years, he was sent back to San Francisco, where he is now living. He says ~~[illegible]~~ the banking crisis, which so many banks who going broke and closing their doors, that he wants to take off his hat to the American public for their sportsmanship in taking such a serious situation so calmly, that most any thing could happen. He ~~[illegible]~~ thinks now the banking situation is on solid ground, and the dark and uncertain days are over.

He says much to himself, he will soon be leaving San Francisco, as his business is calling him to Boston, he hopes to return here some day and make this city his home, and if he can do so intends to be here in 1938 to attend the fair, ~~[illegible]~~ He says he loves the climate and the people of San Francisco.

He says he likes this country very much - and is satisfied to stay here. He hopes when he finds the time, and the money to take his family back to England on a visit, for while his wife is an English girl, she was born, raised and Educated in China, and it is for her sake he wants to make the trip.

He like all of us, wants to give his son the best education possible and that he has managed to save, and set aside some money for that purpose.

He says outside his war experience his life has been rather quiet, but in that few years enough happened to make up for many life times. His brother was killed seven months after the ending of the war.

He thinks the depression will soon be over.

A. D. Philp

~~Mr.~~ W. S. ~~A~~ British citizen, married, ~~35~~ years of age and his wife is three years his junior. Came to the United States from the isle of Jersey which is the birth place of both him and his wife. Have two small children, two and seven years of age. Both Mr. S. and his wife came of prominent families, his father being Governor-General of Jersey for a long period of time, ~~and~~ his wife's father holding a high political office on the same island.

Mr. S. started for the United States with approximatly three thousand English pounds and, after looking around for some time, purchased a herd of dairy cattle, leased a ranch and the necessary equipment, and [redacted] for a period of four years, from 1927 until 1931 prospered. ~~and~~ built his business and dairy herd up until ~~he tell me~~ he could ~~of~~ at one time in the early part of 1931 sold out for nearly sixty thousand dollars.

~~He then [redacted]~~ He claims that due to the consistent falling prices of the commodities he was producing ~~that~~ his earnings began to shrink until at one time ~~he says~~ he was dumping over a thousand gallons of milk a day onto the ground as there was no market for anything but butter fat. On top of this, labor troubles came along and he was burned out which pratically broke him. This was in the latter part of 1932 and ~~he says~~ he was faced with the alternative of packing up and leaving his ranch or staying on and making a bare existence which he ~~done~~ until Jan. of 1934, ~~when~~ they packed up what personal possessions they had got in their car and left the place where they had invested all of their joint savings or about fifteen thousand dollars.

Both Mr. S. and his wife are very well-educated people and ~~have a~~ are very refined ~~high degree of refinment~~ and although ~~feeling~~ they felt very badly about their failure so far in this country ~~are~~ were not discouraged. They are both optimistic as to their future and as they left their home ~~over~~ against the advice and objections of both of their parents, they are determined to remain in this country and try ~~and~~ to rehabilitate themselves. They both have their first papers and intend to become citizens. The second time I interviewed them they were getting rather short of funds and were getting out a wedding present, an oriental rug which they were going to sell. It was obvious to any one talking to these people that they are the type that under ordinary conditions or even adverse conditions, given any kind of a chance, will make a very high type of American family, ~~and~~ Even since leaving his ranch has managed to supplement his small capital that he had left ~~with~~ until the last few months when he has been unable to find any kind of work although he showed me two different letters with positive promises of employment in the near future.

~~R. V. Armstrong,~~
~~week ending Aug.~~
~~23,1934.~~

These are the salient facts in a man's life, one who has seen and experienced both sides, the highest and the lowest.

He was born in London some 45 years ago; raised in the lap of luxury, coming of a wealthy, aristocratic family; was educated in the best private colleges in England and France, graduating from the university with a B.A. in classics at nineteen; he was a younger son, and at that time, work was not to be a part of his life; refused his master's degree — too young — he started out to finish his education by travel. During his college days he had travelled over Europe and Asia, also India, but it was to be the other direction.

After a short journey and stay in Canada he arrived in San Francisco. Here he fell in with many congenial countrymen, some rich, others not so, but all of good education and family; and the greater number were the usual remittance men.

For about four yrs. it was the old primrose path, wine, women and song, to which could be added poker and horses. While it lasted it was called a good time; he had youth and happi-

ness. It is the custom and has been done many times and will continue to be so yet, ~~at the end only one thing is found~~ all. There is only one ending, an unhappy

The handsome legacy left by a doting aunt had vanished. He then began drawing upon his father but after a while that became so frequent and heavy that he was placed upon a remittance, also he secured a job in the office of a large English mining company. Even then the habits of his early environment, ~~early~~ training and heredity were neither easily nor quickly cast aside. Much of the former life continued, until the remittance was cut off and he was practically disinherited. ~~and~~ In a short time he found himself without money and with not a job. ~~This~~ Then he was to face ~~was the beginning of~~ the stern reality of life.

Something must be done, he decided to take up mining as a work, a profession. A friendly superintendent offered him a job. His first experience was firing a boiler and burning to run the engine, motive power for the gold mill. Afterwards he went down the mine, where he mucked, ran a machine drill

and timbered, all very hard, dirty work. He also observed and gained valuable knowledge about underground working and the mineralogical and geological side. Afterwards he worked in a gold mill to learn the art of saving the precious metals, including cyanidation and flotation until he was competent to take charge of a plant. Naturally, all this time his prior education was a great help, taking in noting things from both the technical and practical side.

Foreign travel now attracted him. This was always an excellent reference, and the hard, seeing the other fellow and the experience gained under such different conditions are very valuable, and broadening to the point of view. Mexico, at that time, presented these advantages, also much work and much better salary. He afterwards went to Central America called and afterwards then to both America. In this way, all of Latin America, Thus he was visited.

About this time news came that his father had died in London. In the preceding years two older brothers had died leaving him, as the oldest son and,

by English law, he inherited his father's large estate. He did not return home, ~~a cool four~~ He went Canada for about a year, and a trip to the Orient found him at the outbreak of the war.

He made application for his commission in the British Army but was turned down ~~on account~~ The score of physical disabilities, ~~on~~ on account his legs.

After sometime in the Philippine Islands, he went to Hongkong. There he was very successful buying tungsten from the Chinese and selling at enormous profit to the American and British governments. ~~But~~ The armistice found his heavily ~~loaded with agreements~~ under contract with the Chinese for ore. There he was obliged to honor, and nearly all his profits were swept away and he returned to San Francisco.

But what had transpired across the water? The estate had never been settled on account of the war and moratorium. His mother and younger brother had borrowed heavily at enormous interest. The latter had ~~gained~~ earned his commission in the army; he was hurt badly

wounded; honorably mentioned for bravery under fire and at last killed in Mesopotamia. The enormous taxes and loans had gradually decreased the estate. His mother died of a broken heart in 1920, and all that was left was a little more than enough to bury her.

At this time in the United States there was prosperity, but capital seemed to favor investement in stocks and bonds and industrials. Mining received scant notice. It was very difficult to induce a man to invest in a mine that requires large capital outlay and then wait a year or two for returns. The mad rush to extract metals during the war began to have a disastrous effect in vast over-production, causing low prices. There were no new investements, and consequently scant employment and professional work.

He then turned to his knowledge ~~to~~ construction work. He secured work with a large lumber company, laying out and building the logging roads. For

three seasons this work continued very ~~favorably~~ profitably, but just ~~take~~ as the mining, the collapse came to the lumber industry, and the woods were no longer a refuge.

The small capital that he had ~~been~~ saved soon dwindled; the depression became more acute; work of any kind almost out of the question even at the miserable pay they then offered. There remained nothing but the relief agencies. He found the relief, the very thought was most distasteful, but it had to be.

The bread line with its poor and scanty food was bad enough; the filthy places called shelters were another misery and indignity, but the worst of all was the associating, for the first time, with the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. There were so many who ~~to~~ that called themselves men, but ~~yet~~ could not be compared with the lower animals.

P. Sharples

To Br Paul Radin — G. P. Chipman

E.M. was b Born in Liverpool England in 1892, ~~Edward Mylcoughlin~~ He was not the man to live although a world war almost brought him to a closing point in life.

His people were fairly well to do, they owned a large home in the city and also had a country estate.

He enjoyed the comfortable surroundings of a boy whose parents could afford such pleasures as fox hunting, and riding. He ~~Kept~~ had kennels of dogs, horses, and other pets, for his amusements.

His people sent him to a boarding school, which he attended until he reached the age of ~~14.~~ sixteen. ~~after~~ Returning home he decided he would like to go to sea, his father helped him, got a place as a cabin boy on a vessel.

They made a trip down the coast of Africa, the islands etc. He had a good deal of valuable experience in life and enjoyed the life very much. ~~They returned to England about a year later.~~

He decided to stay home for a while, ~~he~~ and secured a position as a solicitor for an insurance firm; he enjoyed an average

success in the ~~insurance~~ business, nothing very eventful occurring until the out break of the World War.

He enlisted in the English army, and after his training ~~in England~~, was immediately transported to France where he was soon in the front line trenches.

He endured many hardships during the long siege of excessive fighting which followed many times without food, sleeping in a shell hole, with the rain pouring down, sometimes without ~~no~~ blanket otherwise me

times really enjoying the conflict with its moments of terror fighting and exciting ~~moments~~ happenings.

In 1916, he was very badly wounded, and not having the proper hospital facilities at the front line trenches, he was ~~finally~~ brought back to England for hospital treatments. He lost an eye and had his face very badly burned during a gas raid.

He remained in England several months before he was strong enough to go back to the front.

His father died during this time, leaving a portion of the estate to his son

however, the estate was not settled until after the war, and he had returned to England.

The property and money he received from the estate was a blessing to this man who carried many wounds, and scars of the battles he had been through.

He decided to study Radio Engineering while he was recuperating from his long siege at the front. After several years of hard work, he finally received his degree

6.

He was not able to get a satisfactory pension from the English government. so ~~he~~ decided to sail for the U. S. and applied for citizenship papers; he was throughly disgusted with the English govt.

He arrived in New York and passed the examinations for Radio Operator on United States passenger ship. He has followed this line of work until the present time travelling in almost every country on the globe.

He had been in ship wrecks at sea. missed the ship in

foreign ports, where he had to live as a native while waiting for another ship to arrive, so he could back to United States.

He has worked for almost every steamship company in the United States, and has always made a good living here. He has no desire to go back to England to live where he was so poorly treated after his war record.

He is a very loyal american citizen, appreciates the freedom, working conditions and other advantages enjoyed by the people of the United States.

H. Nichols - Investigator
d 113

Date - Feb. 13, 1935

Subject - Colonel Charles Wilfred ~~Bourne~~, native of England. From information supplied by himself, his wife, and other members of his family during an acquaintance-~~ship~~ extending over a period of some ~~10~~ ten years.

Colonel Charles Wilfred Bourne was born in England more than ~~60~~ sixty years ago. His people were of the British aristocracy, and they took considerable pride in their ability to trace their lineage back to the same ancestry as that of the royal family. They possessed extensive estates and a palatial home which was managed by a large staff of trained and efficient servants. In this background and setting, their son, one of several children, was born and reared to carry on the tradition of a cultured English gentleman.

When he was about ~~18~~ eighteen years of age, his family met with severe financial reverses which made it impossible for him to continue his education. Ready funds were an ~~imperative~~ immediate necessity if the family was to be maintained upon any basis,

but young Wilfred was not trained for any profession save that of being a gentleman, which was manifestly, in the emergency then existing, of no immediate financial value.

It was, of course, a considerable disgrace for a scion of the aristocracy to do common labor in the homeland, for, by a process of reasoning which is beyond american comprehension, there was a stigma attached to the performance of manual labor by any save those born to the so-called "lower class" of English society. Hence it was that when Wilfred determined to seek a job, his family arranged for his passage to Canada where there were as yet no class distinctions and where all honest toil was honorable.

Life in the new world was something for which he was totally unfitted by any of his previous training or experience, but he was young and ambitious and possessed of an eagerness to adapt himself to the unfamiliar conditions, so he was soon able to secure employment as a

large ranch where grain and cattle were raised extensively. There he lived and worked for several years.

~~In common with~~ like the other members of his family, he was a communicant of the Church of England when he arrived in Canada. However, during his sojourn there, he became greatly interested in the work being carried on by the Salvation Army. How or why he should have done so, must always remain a mystery, for little of that realm of human life which is controlled by the emotions lends itself to intellectual analysis or understanding. At any rate, he joined the organization and was sent into the United States to attend an officers' training school in Chicago.

There he met Miss Alice S.—, who was also in training ~~for~~ to be an army officer, and after an acquaintanceship of some two years, they were married. She was of English descent but was a native of Canada. Previous to her joining the Salvation Army, she had come to Michigan with her parents and

other members of her family, all of whom were members of the Methodist Church. Her father was a farmer, having followed that occupation in Canada as well as in the United States.

Following the completion of their training, and their marriage, the couple were assigned to "outpost" duty in northern California. Here their work consisted principally ~~of~~ in conducting religious services in the outlying districts of Mendocino and southern Humboldt counties. They traveled much of the time on horseback for no other form of transportation could penetrate the mountainous wilderness in which much of their work was ~~carried on~~. There was no specified salary connected with the job, and they were dependent upon the hospitality of the people whose spiritual needs they served for their sustenance.

Having served a successful apprenticeship as "circuit-riders," they were next assigned to a project in Ohio, for it is a policy of the organization never to leave its officers in any one

location for more than a brief ~~period of~~ few years. Unquestioning loyalty and obedience to the dictates of one's superiors is as much a part of the system as it is of the military forces of any nation. Hence an appointment was - and is - something to be accepted and fulfilled without question or argument.

In Ohio, the couple were given supervision of a large farm to which ex-convicts were brought for rehabilitation ~~following the serving~~ at the end of their prison terms. It was while they were there that their first child, a son, whom they named Willoughby, was born. He was a beautiful baby, and his sudden ~~passing~~ death not quite two years later, after a brief illness with pneumonia, was a tragedy from which his parents never completely recovered. Their lives being necessarily of a nomadic nature, they were soon denied even the solace of placing flowers on the tiny grave, for their next appointment brought them back to California. However, a large framed photograph of the little son has accompanied them on all their

travels, always occupying a ~~important~~ prominent place upon the walls of their home wherever it might be established. Beneath the picture is a little shelf upon which is always a vase with one perfect blossom, + a single rose bud, a lily, or perhaps a carnation, + a sort of shrine dedicated to the loving memory of their first-born.

Arriving in California once more, they were commissioned to establish and maintain a home for orphaned, delinquent, or otherwise underprivileged children. For this purpose, property in Sonoma County ~~comprising~~ a formerly health resort known as Lytton Springs, had been obtained. The buildings were all old and not well-adapted to this sort of project, and funds, as usual, were very scarce. However, with their usual enthusiasm based upon an unshaken faith in the fundamental goodness of God and the generosity of man, they set about to accomplish their appointed task. In this they soon had the full support and cooperation of the community and eventually

of the entire county.

They had been appointed not to supervise an institution but to establish a home and this they did to the best of their ideals and abilities. There were times when food and fuel and clothing were scarce both for them and their charges, but never during the years they devoted to the project was there any shortage of genuine affection and understanding for the many children entrusted to their care. And today there are literally hundreds of young people throughout the entire country, living useful, happy lives as a result of the ideals and the training imparted to them during their childhood days in this home. Many of them can recall no other parents than Col. and Mrs. B.—, and so they still bring their problems, their joys and their troubles to share with them, knowing that there they will always find a ready store of intelligent understanding and sympathy and affection.

So successful was their administration of the

home that army precedent for once was set aside, and they were permitted to remain there for twelve years. During this time, two other children were born to them, a son, Charles, and a daughter, Margaret.

Meanwhile, Col. B. and his wife had both become naturalized citizens of the United States. They had gone to England upon one or two occasions to visit the Colonel's people with whom they have always maintained close contact, but they felt that their own interests were all centered in the United States and for this reason, they renounced their ~~respective~~ allegiance to the British crown by taking out naturalization papers here.

Their son, who has always been an ardent and enthusiastic supporter of the United States, developed this patriotic feeling at a very early age. He learned to read before he was old enough to attend school, and on one occasion he disappeared and could not be found for several hours. Finally, when his parents were nearly frantic with anxiety, someone

discovered him lying on the floor in the laundry room of the house reading a volume of United States' History, entirely unaware of the consternation he had caused. When his mother asked him what he had been doing, he replied that he had been reading about the Revolutionary War and added, "You know, Mother, I don't mind the idea of your being Canadian, but I do hate to think that my dad is an Englishman!" His concern over this was somewhat lessened when it was explained to him that his father was English by birth but American by choice.

With the coming of the World War, Colonel B.- felt a keen desire to be of service to the cause. Had it been only England which entered the conflict, it is possible that he might not have felt this so keenly, but when both the country of his birth and the country of his adoption became involved in it, his sense of loyalty compelled him to participate. Accordingly, he received permission to sever his connection with the home HC subsequently volunteering

as an army Chaplain. In this capacity, he served overseas with the allied forces.

His wife, meanwhile, withdrew temporarily from Salvation Army work, volunteering her services as a nurse during the severe influenza epidemics in the community where she was then living.

At the conclusion of the war, she and her husband resumed active service as Salvationists and were assigned to supervise a boys' home in Hawaii. Following several years ~~in this capacity~~ there, Colonel B.- was appointed to spend a year in India investigating and evaluating the work being carried on by the organization there. During this period, his wife returned to Berkeley where the son and daughter entered the state university.

The Indian assignment was successfully carried out, but during the time spent there, Colonel B.- contracted an obscure ailment resulting from an unknown but tenacious microscopic organism which has ~~subsequently~~ defied the efforts of the most skilled physicians here and elsewhere

to eradicate it from his system.

His health being thus impaired, it was deemed advisable for him and his wife to retire on pension from the Salvation Army. ~~and~~ This they did.

Since his retirement he has held, with varying degrees of success, positions as secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in the community where he now lives; as salesman of stocks, bonds and insurance; and as head of a private military school for boys situated near Palo Alto. At the present time, he is not employed.

His son, who ~~elected~~ chose to ~~put~~ stop college and go to work, has since obtained a special credential to teach music, a subject in which he is especially talented; and he is now employed in the Oakland public schools. Meanwhile, he is taking special courses at the University in order to complete his education. He is married to a charming girl of Portuguese descent who was born in the United States. They have no children.

Margaret, the daughter, left college in her

junior year to marry a young man of American birth and parentage. Twin daughters were born to them. They are now six years of age.

At present, Col. and Mrs. B. - are living in a home which they have purchased in the same community where they spent so many years caring for underprivileged children. Quite recently they celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary. They are active participants in the religious and civic life of the community and their home is a sort of clearing house for all sorts of personal problems - particularly those of the young people who live there, for they have never lost the viewpoint of youth.

There is literally no means of estimating or evaluating the truly tremendous contribution which these two individuals have made and are still making to their adopted country in the cause of intelligent good citizenship and honorable living.

H. A. was born in Liverpool England, he meant to become to be a [illegible] but the war interrupted his plans for he joined the army at the outbreak of war in 1914 & was in active service until 1918, in France, Mesopotamia, & Waziristan & East Africa. He was decorated for distinguished service at the battle of the Somme & had two brothers killed, one of the Dardanelles while serving with the Australian forces & the other at the Battle of Jutland. After being demobilized, he succeeded in getting his job back in a shipbuilding yard as a brass turner & after completing his apprenticeship, he decided to come to New York in 1922. He was able to get a job at his trade, met a nice girl & married. After six months of married life they began to get short & he got laid off, so they moved to Detroit as things were good due to the automobile boom. He went to work in a small machine shop. After working there for a year, he contracted a skin disease so he had to quit. From there they came to the East-They. He worked in a small radiator shop for a while then laid off. He found work in the summer, they lived in the country until finally his wife and he started living in a monthly work in Piedmont which they are doing now, having had a steady job for two years, he being the chauffeur and his wife the housekeeper.

When you're flying over the fen
and Ethel's left fens, gleaming in the sunlight
like a watering-wheel. Her flying goggles
flashing, but Edward's eyes were red-
steadily off each dawn, making
each wrinkled skin of his face, his
face looked as though it were made
capable of showing an appearance of
perfectly unmoved.

sixty-seven

The video camera was turned on
a year ago. He moved to this country
in 1900, and his hands are very gnarled
now. Sixty years. When he came to
the England, he learned the farmer-
-trade's trade, ——— ——— he
trades for the farm, yes they usually. But
for sixty years there has been little
was complained for wanting more than
days of work, and for the past three
years he has been unable to find
work of any kind at a living wage.
His wife died in 1917. He had made

has been in this country, where he has not been so hard [illegible] over ten years. At the present time he is getting $3.00 a week from Relief and must get along some way on that as he is too old to learn a new trade, and as the trade he learned when he was a young man is no longer in use, he does not hope to get very far ahead in these later years of his life. However, he thinks he will soon again be able to make a better living than he has had for the last three or four years.

His health is fairly good and he walks over two miles each day for exercise. He has some hope for better times, but very little confidence in his fellow man.

Hermann - August.

L 42

His girl was born in [illegible] Tex. Her father was a Colored man and [illegible] came to America to escape [illegible] responsibilities of a large family. She was raised and educated in a school. Upon finishing went for day work [illegible] for, for the last five years [illegible] a toy dog stand in a [illegible], doing housework and caring for children, and she saves [illegible] in a bank.

She works about a seven and a half days a week. Due to her [illegible] to meet her requirements, she [illegible] months, that [illegible] of they are not [illegible] were [illegible]. She gives [illegible] months, most of the [illegible]

P

having a hard time

p

four

five

twelve

seven

P

his United States.

P

United States

England

commercially

Informant is of a brand of "Lomo" Dhingra well known in England as the Liverpool brand, ~~too~~ well known for being a hard drinking over very radical but illogical in political opinion. Actions never tried in England, and ~~=~~ as such, "tough", better very tough. "H" The man is about thirty-eight ~~38~~ and is all you could wish for as a "tough hombre" He is hard as nails domineering at home, ~~of~~ profanity as "be damn", and ready to fight at the drop of a hat He is ~~who~~ communist without knowing what ~~even~~ communism, socialism, fascism or any other -ism means. Or rather he speaks with lips and an empty brain, or few cant phrases against the fellow and that fellow and in really knowing nothing about anything, but try and tell him so! What a hard worker, and a good worker time him plenty of good work get, a place to shoot his mouth off, and a stiff hard manbelling job, and he is the man for it. He has been in San Francisco since 1925 and he always worked as a carpenter He built his own home, is married, and has two daughters and a young son

He was very suspicious and reticent when I tried to draw him out, but as he turned he tried to put on an act of being very tough. Of course, all this is a result of his early knocks in Liverpool, because I don't believe he has read too books in the last ten years but he would have you believe he knows everything. His opinion on knowing whom you can pay; on how to run the government, what the unions should do etc., etc. All old stuff and as dead as yesterday's news

.L. WILLETT
IST .I.

GEORGE,
ENGLISH
Northhampden district.

B4

ENGLISH BOY COMES TO AMERICA TO MAKE
HIS FORTUNE.

George is about twenty-five years old. He camefrom a large family where there was hardly enough to go around when the children were growing up.

"My father was a teamster," related George," with rather good income for a while until labor strikes, after war conditions and the general world depression ~~affairs~~ disturbed economic conditions in England. My father was not a well educated man but he tried to give all the children a good common school training.

"The older children worked after finishing school and we got along well enough for a whole before I came away.

"When I was quite young, about nineteen, I ~~came away~~ with a friend, got a job on a boat sailing for America, ~~and we both worked our way over.~~ Then we set out to find work and see what we could make of our selves as emigrants in America.

"In the beginning we pooled our earnings in order to ~~lix~~ live until we both got going, as we had very little capital to meet the demands ~~of~~ for food and shelter. ~~etc.~~

"We took odd jobs, worked at any and everything, jobs ~~fo~~ for business houses or home work such as window washing, cleaning up yards, basements, anything. We went from door to door, at times, hunting work; there were some hard times but by sticking together we got on.

"At one time, my friend secured a job of selling papers on a certain corner in the city, a morning paper job which required him to start work round six O'clock evenings and work again early in the mornings, also Sundays.

"At first we did not think so much of this, ~~But ex~~ even from the first he made round 50¢ per day, and it ~~began~~ worked up to a higher figure quite soon. It gave us a cheap room and, with what I earned, we carried on ~~again~~.

"Later, I found by going round to homes to work at house work and cleaning, that there was quite an opening for a fellow willing to work carefully and please women. I did not like such work ~~so much~~ but it promised a good living so I started asking the same as Japanese cleaners ~~ask~~, $5 per day.

"Later I could only get $4 per day, doing all kinds of work, at some places, so I put that price on all jobs.

"I bought a vacuum cleaner on installments, ~~provide~~ provided myself with pail, chamois cleaner, fluids, etc. and carried these with me according to the work.

"After I put aside my pride things began looking up for me, as I had a fairly good education and people recognized me as trustworthy, and dependable. Soon I got repeat jobs, with set dates each week or month, thus stabilizing my income.

"About this time I ~~had~~ met a girl I liked, an English girl who also worked, earning a bare living for herself. We decided to get married and again I was pooling my ~~xxxx~~ interest with her, with two people to live.

"Things began working out fine. She got ~~her xxxxx~~ her meals where she worked. I often got my luncheon, and we found by exercising care we could save a little money, ~~which we did,~~ putting away ~~every~~ every cent we could.

"We worked and saved, watching our little ~~nest~~ hoard accumulate until we had quite a sum. We were paying rent all this time, and I had bought an old coupe, a little one to go to work with, since carrying a vacuum cleaner was hard when distances were great, and I worked all over the city getting names from one client ~~for work~~ for another.

"About this time, when we were driving round in one of the less fashionable parts of town, on a Sunday, we ~~xx~~ discovered a little tumbled down house standing on rather a good ~~50~~ fifty foot lot. We noticed ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ that the place was deserted and so inquired, to find that it was for sale cheap, for the price of the lot; also where to find the owner.

"We figured our garage, the rent and car fare all up and decided we might do well to look up this property.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

"The owner valued it for the lots alone and would give us a very good deal as he did not like it ~~on account of~~ its requiring so much ~~expense~~ to put it in condition ~~it for~~ to rent; in fact the expense of wrecking the building had been considered.

"We went though the house carefully, four rooms, a terrible bathroom, pantry, front and back porch closets, a very bad sink in the kitchen, bad floors and everything about the place in need of paint. There was a shed of good size at the back of the lot, which I saw could be ~~see~~ reconditioned for a garage, It ~~xx~~ held a half ~~half~~ load of wood, and had been a woodhouse and workshop.

"We bought this place for the cost of the lots, paying two hundred dollars down, which left very small payments even with interest on the balance. We could have paid out most of

the cost but we preferred to hold back some money for reconditioning as we planned to move in at once to stop the rent we were paying.

"Right here I will say my wife is a good sport. She is a good worker, and suggested helping on everything such as cleaning, painting, sandpapering, etc.

"We went right out as soon as the papers were signed and took possession. I ~~secured~~ bought proper bolts and locks for doors and windows as the place was standing open, and very dirty.

"Then we cleaned and cleaned and cleaned.

"I bought a new sink and other plumbing equipment at one of the used plumbing supply houses, and hauled them out myself in most instances. We did this outside of work hours and on days I was not working, for at that time I had some open days every week.

" After cleaning and securing the doors and windows of our home, we moved in. We had been living in a two room~~ed~~ place, with some old things we had picked up at second hand stores.

" Then we ~~organized our work under a plan for~~ made a plan reconditioning. We took one bedroom first, since we desired a clean place to sleep. Here we pulled nails, puttied up holes, sandpapered, planed down the floor, added shelving in the closet, and put up a rod (made from an old broom handle).

"We decided together on the items of work and my wife who was home more than I was unless I had a day off, worked every minute. I was often surprised how much she accomplished.

"We planed down the floor, filled in cracks with a composition, and painted it two coats of heavy paint. Then we waxed the floor. The paint, putty, etc, all cost very little, and when the first bedroom was finished and so clean, we moved into that with our newly purchased bed, our old rug, etc. It was so comfortable, and since we had lived in two rooms we liked it much better than our former apartment.

"We had things in the kitchen so we could cook, etc, and planned to let that go until last.

"In the meantime the matter of electric wiring came up, also plumbing, both meaning a lot of money. So I went down to the library and got some good books on simpler problems of plumbing which I studied nights for quite a time.

"The result was that I did every bit of work in my house. Electricity was already in, and gas, also waste pipes.

"We made a nice comfortable bathroom out of the old shabby both room we had found, with window open, dirt inches thick, and several layers of linoleum on the floor.

"We bought our wall paper from a place selling off odd lots, buying very cheaply and hauling it home ourselves. We tinted, papered as well as painted.

"Later we tinkered up the decayed porch with some new lumber, planning our outside painting last after all other work was done. But we lived along knowing it would be months before we could finish the place working odd times as we were.

"Sundays and such week days as I could put in a ~~fu~~ full day, we forged ahead in the work. My wife worked Sundays part of the day but week days she worked ~~but~~ two thirds of a day ~~hence~~ So she did her part in pushing the work ahead.

"After the house was completed, you could not recognize it. It was a real home, fresh durface on every bit of wall and woodwork. We both liked gardening and we conditioned the yard after I had made a driveway at the side of the house, and added to the ~~garage~~ old woodhouse to make a garage and good workhouse for me to keep my tools and work supplies, in.

"We had both decided that I should stay with the cleaning work since there had come to be much ~~xxx~~ unemployment which had not affected me or my income, from this work.

"In the meantime we had paid off our obligations and actually owned the place, a home unincumbered, and very comfortable. Of course, we had to add such heavy expense items as water heater, new walks, a gas cooking stove. We began with a two burner gas plate which answered nicely for quite a time until we located a used gas range.

"I had had some expense on my little old car from time to time, but I do most of the work ~~and~~ that has seemed necessary. We are about through with house expenses, outside of furnishings, which we shall add as time passes.

"But we feel pretty ~~good~~ happy, under circumstances which have prevailed the past few years, to own our little home ~~free~~ and to be earning a fairly good living, which ennables us to again ~~lay by in savings~~ save.

#

G. L. Willett

L332

E N G L A N D

This educated young civil engineer was born of good sturdy ~~parentage~~, middle class folk ~~in England~~, living in one of the villages in Southern England. Noteworthy ~~too is the~~ fact that before he started on a world trip, adventuring until he selected his future home, he took good care to acquaint himself with his own part of the world.

He visited the larger cities of the British Isles also well known points of interest, districts of importance.

"In my family the children were all taught to work, taking their individual share of family responsibilities. We were taught to study, to obey our parents and teachers, to be respectful to our elders and helpful in any way we could. Also we were taught to make the most of our opportunities wherever we were.

"After being grounded in elemental courses in school, I determined to become a civil engineer and thus make my own way in the world. I thought rather early in life of leaving England to make my way, at least for a while, in order to see the world.

"The United States seemed to us a long way off at that time but Australian cities and Africa we felt to be quite Close.

We heard a great deal about their affairs, government, business matters and general news. People too that we knew, and knew about, were coming and going so it was natural my thoughts focused more on those countries than on the United States or any other American country.

"I was thinking ~~only~~ of starting my adventuring in English cities, among my own countrymen," Mr. F~~rancis~~ stated.

He began reading and studying preliminary text books on engineering at an early age, before he had finished concluded the common schools. Then he studied preliminary problems, about in road building engines, designing and construction of all types of public works. He went about examining finished work, and contract work under way in public improvements.

Then he left home and went to Cardiff, a seaport on the southern line of Wales, where he ha secured the advantage of securing a position in a large office, the office working some, later his studies studying at first hand, contracts, work projected and under way.

"Here I progressed very well, earning, and studying to advancing myself in a good way.

"I did not go to an engineering school, but worked, observed and studied ~~right~~ at a first hand, where the largest projects of the British Isles were being handled.

"I learned ~~here~~ to be resourceful, and ingenious, to know that if a thing cannot be done according to established rule, ~~available~~ it is possible to do it some other way, find a way, to study one out.

"I learned to be a thoughtful, to concentrate, to spend time thinking along lines which would clarify my problem and point a way to working it out."

After some years spent in intensified study, work in the office on plans and specifications and observation work, he fortified himself with certain credentials obtainable through examinations, and his employer's acquaintances.

"I was quite versatile, too in other kinds of ordinary work; I could drive a pleasure car or a truck; I understood machinery and could work in a repair establishment or take a car apart and overhaul it myself.

"I studied engines of larger vessels, and transportation so I felt pretty well fortified in securing immediate employment almost anywhere.

"I knew that I could keep myself going on a travel, trip adventuring for pleasure and information, before finding a permanent location to settle down in the business of a civil engineer. My plans included seeing quite a little of the world before I did settle down.

"I had worked on a salary after I was able to make myself useful to my employers in Cardiff. So I had some reserve money and decided it was time to start adventuring.

"I was already familiar with British Isles. So I went over into the mainland of Europe, France, Germany, Spain, and lastly Italy.

Sometimes I had a job as chauffeur, for some tourists who were sightseeing. After looking around quite thoroughly I made my way down to an Italian Port.

"From Italy I signed on a large vessel registered for African Points. This suited me exactly and I got a job aboard this, conserving my funds. I stayed in Sydney a year, working, and driving my own taxi. I had ~~some~~ traveling here, and became pretty well posted on affairs African.

"Then I moved on, via boat to New Zealand.

"New Zealand, I was convinced, was the country for me. I was carried away with its perfection in all engineering work, the finest road work, magnificent bridges, marvellous public buildings together with a perfectly organized government. Apparently all people there are happy, provision being made for their employment, and living.

"I had liked both Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, but New Zealand now claimed my interest more than any other place, since I left home.

"~~However~~ In Australia there are opportunities in abundance. Farming and general agricultural possibilities are unlimited. There are thousands of acres of finest virgin lands to be obtained by settlers, and a man with a little capital going there could make a fortune in a few years in stock raising, or could when I was there.

"From New Zealand poi~~nts~~ I came directly to America, landing in Los Angeles where I worked around awhile, but that southern city did not interest me greatly. I had letters to some English people in San Francisco who belonged to an English social organization or club of people from the old country.

"So I came on to San Francisco and located here permanently. I had a financial resever to run me for awhile. I had driven a care in Los Angeles hence, when I arrived here it was not necessary to be hasty in forming a business association.

"I scouted around quite a little and quite systematically familiarized myself with the city and Bay region.

"I studied the engineering organizations, investigated the size of such organizations, and their relative standing, contractes and work under way with these different offices.

"I wanted to apply at just the right office, so ~~far~~ to be sure that its ~~as~~ standing was ~~concerned~~, projected work and the future in general, were above reproach.

"Finally, I knew where I wished to et in ~~on~~. I wrote a letter, presenting my credentials and asking for an interview. I had my interview, it was well received and I was installed in the big office at $150 per month to start. This was satisfactory to me, in fact, I was ~~well~~ pleased. I secured a residential headquarters, rooming with another chap from near my own home, met throught the English club.

"I had thought for sometime after arriving that I would go back to Australia, since the country was so new with so much improvement under way.

"But now I have a family and am settled here, I resume for all time to come."

He was in the insurance business, in a clerical capacity. Thus I started with my expenses inside of $50.00 and had clear about $100.00 from my start in America.

"Often, in my office, I experienced unusual business situations. Most of the other men, some much older than I was was at the time, came from eastern schools of engineering. The importance of the schools' standing had secured their jobs for them. Others were from the engineering school of the University of California. They were grounded in theory, taught by word of mouth.

"I, on the other hand, had learned by personally study ing myself and working things out. By actually studying plans and specifications, bids and included details of materials, following the progressing work as carried on with full knowledge of the solution of all problems arising in the work.

"Very often in some of the more difficult irrigation construction, dams and bridge work under projection in our office, there would be difficult problems. The office manager would give out the work. Very often certain requests would go to the rounds with no workable solution resulting.

"I found a great deal of the hard work coming my way, because the office found I had had so much experience in following details on similar work in England. I had been outside so much right on the job as it progressed.

Hence I had the satisfaction many times of working out satisfactory structural solutions and figures for the job problems, which gave me a standing in my office ahead of these college bred engineers.

"I made a few changes here in San Francisco from time to time. Sometimes jobs which would last for years were awarded to certain firms. I was still very anxious to push myself forward with all kinds of work, offering new experiences of importance. Hence it was beneficial for me to follow up diversified work.

"A few years after arriving in San Francisco, I was married to an English girl, whose family I had met in the English social organization of my countrymen.

"I then leased a small apartment of three rooms for three years, partly furnishing it at the start. Later we added to our initial purchases. At the end of the three years I was able to and felt inclined to own my own home.

"We bought a large old house out in a residential district of good location. I divided this house into two flats, taking up my residence in the upper one of five rooms. The lower floor I rented. Rents at that time carried the expense of taxes, repairs, etc.

"We liked this and the financial arrangement was beneficial . T hus I found myself in quite an excellent position as to finances, and family and social life.

G.L.Willett
Dist I.

L332

Francis.
Civil Engineer.
From England.

English Youth Comes to San Francisco from
England, via Africa, Australian and New Zealand.

This educated young civil engineer was born of good sturdy ~~parentage~~, middle class folk in England, living in one of the villages in Southern England. Noteworthy too is the fact that before he started on a world trip, adventuring until he selected his future home, he took good care to acquaint himself with his own part of the world.

He visited the larger cities of the British Isles also well known points of interest, districts of importance.

"In my family the children were all taught to work, taking their individual share of family responsibilities. We were taught to study, to obey our parents and teachers, to be respectful to our elders and helpful in any way we could. Also we were taught to make the most of our opportunities wherever we were.

"After being grounded in elemental courses in school, I determined to ~~become~~ become a civil engineer and thus make my own way in the world. I thought rather early in life of leaving England to make my way at least for a while in order to see the world.

"The United States seemed to us a long way off at that time, but Australian cities and Africa we felt to be quite close. We heard a great deal about their affairs, government, business matters and general news. People too that we knew, and knew about, were coming and going so it was natural my thoughts focused more on those countries than on the United States or any other American country.

"I was thinking only of starting my adventuring in English cities, among my own countrymen," Mr. Francis stated.

English Youth Comes to Gain by Working Among
England, via Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

"Six months ago, I did not know one bean or good country people", said a young Cockney in England. Living in one of the villages in Southern England. Interesting too is the fact that before he started on a world tour, attending working world is reflected in returned men, in fact, most of the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible].

"I visited the larger cities of the British Isles also visit known points of interest, statistics of importance.

"In my family the children were all [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], family [illegible] [illegible] of family, [illegible] [illegible] "We were brought up to thrift, to obey, to respect and tenderness, to be respectful to our elders and helpful in any way, we could. Also we were taught to make the most of our opportunities when whenever we were.

"Before being [illegible] in [illegible] a country in [illegible], I determined to be a civil engineer and have made my way in the world. I thought [illegible] early in life of leaving England to make my way at least for a while in order to see the world.

"The United States seemed to me, I say, off attractive time but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to be quite alone. We found a great deal about their [illegible], government, business methods and general news. People too that we knew and knew what were coming and going so it was centered by thoughts [illegible] on those countries. Also in the United

He began reading and studying preliminary text books on engineering at an early age, before he had concluded the common schools. Then he studied preliminary problems, in road b building ~~xxxxxxxxxx, engine~~ engine designing and construction of all types of public works. He went about examining finished ~~xxxx xxxxxxxxx~~ work, and contract work under way in public improvements.

Then he left home and went to Cardiff, a seaport on the southern line of Wales where he secured ~~the advantage of~~ a position in a large office, working some, and later studying at first hand contracts, work projected and under way.

"Here I progressed very well, earning and studying, advancing myself in a good way.

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take a car apart and overhaul it myself.

"I studied engine of larger vessels, and transportation matters, so I felt pretty well fortified in securing immediate employment almost anywhere.

"I knew that I could keep myself going on a travel trip ~~to~~ adventuring for pleasure and information ~~xxxx travel some~~ before finding a permanent location to settle down in the business of a civil engineer. My plans included seeing quite a little of the world before I did settle down.

"I had worked on a salary after I was able to make myself useful to my employers in Cardiff. So I had some reserve money and decided it was time to start adventuring.

I was already familiar with the British Isles. So I went over into the mainland of Europe, France, Germany, Spain and lastly Italy. Sometimes I had a job as chauffeur, for some tourists sightseeing. After looking around quite thoroughly I made my way down to an Italian port.

From Italy I signed on a large vessel registered for African points. This suited me exactly and I got a job aboard this conserving my funds. I stayed in Sydney a year, working and driving my own taxi. I had some traveling here and became pretty well posted on affairs African.

Then I moved on, via boat to New Zealand.

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So I came on to San Francisco and located here permanently. I had a financial reserve to run me for a while. I had driven a car in Los Angeles, hence when I arrived here it was not necessary to be hasty in forming a business association

I scouted around quite a little and quite systematically to familiarize myself with the city and Bay region.

I studied the engineering organizations, investigated the size of such organizations and their relative standing, contracts and work under way with these different offices.

I wanted to apply at just the right office, so far as standing was concerned, projected work and the future in general.

Finally I knew where I wished to get in. I wrote a letter, presenting my credentials and asking for an interview. I had my interview, was well received and installed in the big office at $150 per month to start. This was satisfactory

"I had lived both Melbourne and Sydney Australia but New Zealand now claimed my interest more than any other place since I left home.

"However in Australia there are opportunities in abundance. Learning and general agricultural possibilities are unlimited. There are thousands of acres of fertile virgin lands to be obtained by settlers and a man with a little capital going there could make a fortune in a few years in stock raising, or could when I was there.

Then, for business points I came firstly to America, landing in Los Angeles where I worked around a while, but that Southern city did not interest me greatly. I had letters to some English people in San Francisco who belonged to an English social organization or club of people from the old country.

So I came on to San Francisco and liked here very-much-by. I had a financial reverse in run on for a while. I had lived a year here in Los Angeles when I arrived. Here it was not necessary to be lucky in finding a business connection.

I secured work quite a little and quite satisfactorily managing a familiarize myself with the city and its region.

I studied the agricultural conditions investigated the size of such organizations and their relative standing, o con-tracts and work under my with these different offices.

I wanted to apply at just the right office, as for an standing is concerned, projected work and the future in general.

Finally I knew where I wished to get in. I made arrangements a letter, presenting my credentials and asking for an interview.

I had my interview, he said he was interested in the [illegible] at $45 per month to start. Interesting preliminary

to me, in fact I was well pleased. I secured a residential headquarters, rooming with another English boy from near my own home , met through the English club. He was in insurance business in a clerical capacity. Thus I started with my expenses inside of $50. and had clear about $100 from my start in America.

Often in my office I experienced unusual business situations. Most of the other men, some much older than I wa was at the time, came from eastern schools of engineering, the importance of ~~whole~~ their school standing had secured their jobs for them. Others were from the engineering school of the University of California. They were grounded in theory, taught by word of mouth.

I on the other hand had learned by personally studying myself and working things out. By actually studying plans and specifications, bids and included details of materials, following the progressing work as carried on with full knowledge of the solution of all problems arising in the work.

Very often in some of the more difficult irrigation construction, dams and bridge work under projection in our office, there would be difficult problems. The office manager would give out the work. Very often certain requests would go the rounds with no workable solution resulting.

I found a good deal of the hard work coming my way, because the office found I had had so much experience in following details on similar work in England. I had been outside so much right on the job as it progressed.

Hence I had the satisfaction many times of working

to me, in fact I was well pleased. I secured a residential headquarters, rooming with another English boy from near my own home, and through the English club. He was in insurance business in a clerical capacity. Thus I started with my expense limit of $80. and had about $100 from my start in America.

Often in my office I experienced unusual business situations. Most of the other men, some much older than I on the time, came from modern schools of engineering. The importance of a good standing had assumed their place from them. Others were from the engineering school of the University of California. They were grounded in theory, taught by word of mouth.

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Very often in some of the more difficult & unusual ~~xxxx~~ irrigation construction, dams and bridge work under ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ production in our office, there would be difficult problems. The office manager would give out the work. Very often certain requests would go the rounds with no workable solution received.

I found a good deal of the work under my care, because the office found I had ~~xxxx~~ so much experience in similar work or at least some in similar work. I had been [illegible]

out satisfactory structural solutions and figures for job problems, which gave me a standing in my office ahead of these college bred engineers.

"I made a few changes here in San Francisco from time to time. Sometimes jobs which would last for years were awarded to certain firms. I was still very anxious to push myself forward with all kinds of work offering new experiences of importance. Hence it was beneficial for me to follow up diversified work.

"A few years after arriving in San Francisco I married an English girl, whose family I had met in the English social organization of my countrymen.

I then leased a small apartment of three rooms for three years, partly furnishing it at the start. Later we added to our initial purchases. At the end of the three years I was able and felt inclined to own my own home.

We bought a large old house out in a residential district of good location. I divided this house into two flats taking up my residence in the upper one of five rooms. The lower floor I rented. Rents at that time carried the expense of taxes, repairs etc.

We liked this and the financial arrangement was beneficial. Thus I found myself in quite an excellent position as to finances and family and social life.

I had thought for sometime after arriving that I might go back to Australia, since the country was so new with so much improvement under way.

But now I have a family and am settled here, I presume for all time to come.

and satisfactory structural solutions and figures for job problems which gave me a standing in my office among of those [illegible] engineers.

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I then leased a small apartment of three room for three years, partly furnishing it at the start. Later we added to our initial purchases. At the end of the three years I was able and felt inclined to own my own home.

We bought a large old house out in a very social district of good location. I divided this house into two flats taking up my residence in the upper one of five rooms. The lower floor - rented. Needs at that time needed the extra income.

We liked this and the financial arrangement was beneficial. Then I found myself in quite an excellent position as to finances and family and social life.

I had thought for somewhile after securing that I might get back to Australia, since the country was so new with [illegible] opportunities.

[illegible]

Bernard Lowry was a young Englishman who came to years old from Newton in the south of England. He was of a seafaring family. At a very early age he was brought to America, and his mother and he settled in Baltimore, his father having secured a berth with an American line whose home port was that city. As a result of a fall, he became partly deformed, and developed a slight hunchback. While he had graduated from high school, his family [illegible] moved to San Francisco, where he started the employ of a bank. With the bank he remained several years until, in 1931, he resigned to become an agent for the Metropolitan Life. Because of his training in the bank, and of his deformity, he early saw the value of a dollar and consistently saved his money. Until for a young man, he became well off. His earnings as an agent were big ones. In 1931, he married a female girl and she, as the saying goes, seemed to make a man of him, for he shortly thereafter left his job as agent and formed a partnership with his brother-in-law to

Thomas Barnett

promote a sales agency, he supplying the capital and the brother-in-law the experience and for the past 2 years they have been very successful in their agency.

For an Englishman, he remarkably shrewd and possesses a very unusual tongue but he is actuated by a very real knowledge of the value of money and what it possesses can do and I give little doubt he will prove the successful in coming years, as one of San Francisco's wealthy men.

~~Thomas Barnett~~

24

Robert Hemphill
Age 42

Hemphill, an Englishman came to America in 1922 as an agent for a steamship company. He is married and has three children.

From what could be learned he had a comparatively easy time in America; that is he enountered none of the hardships that usually befall the new arrival in the United States.

At first he was stationed in New York but later was transferred to San Francisco where he was employed steadily up till 1927. In 1927 he left his firm to found an accountancy of his own. He did not succeed as well as he had hoped but lost no money in the venture, continuing his business up to four or five months ago. He is in good financial circumstances at the present time and has no fears for the future. He likes San Francisco and looks upon it as his home, but he states he intents to move to Canada if conditions do not improve here. He has many relatives in Montreal who inform him that conditions are good there.

He is the first I have encountered who is rather vociferous in his criticism at present conditions. He thinks that "rugged individualism" should be forced upon the people; just how, he is not quite sure. His talk is that of a man who has not suffered much; a man whom present conditions have irritated but not harmed. He is a great backer of capitalism and all mistakes made by capitol he deftly throws at the door of the worker. He points to Englands way of dealing with labor troubles. In short he is imbued with an intolerant spirit that would brook no criti-

cism if he were in a position of power. He thinks the N.R.A. is a bad thing for the country because it has given the laboring class the idea ~~he~~ can protest anything ~~he does~~ not like. I asked him if he didn't give the laboring man the right to protest an injustice. He answered that whether a thing was just or unjust to the laborer, ~~he~~ it should be decided by the laborers immediate employer.

He has never taken out citizenship papers. He intended to, but now with conditions as unsettled as they, are in his eyes, he sees no reason why he should do so. He may be forced to move his family to Canada or back to England.

G. R. HURLEY G.R.Hurley

L298

ENGLISH

~~This man~~ was contacted in a cheap restaurant on Third Street.

"I was born on a farm on Vancouver Island, British Columbia, sixty two years ago. I have been in the United States for nearly thirty seven years. I have worked in the mines of Idaho and the lumber camps of Washington."

"I was always able to find some kind of work until 1929 when I started begging on the streets, since then I have been in almost every jail on the Pacific Coast."

"No, these relief organizations are not interested in elderly single men. We old fellows are having a pretty tough time of it."

"Why the questions? Are you a cop?"

Quickly he rose from the table and slipped from the restaurant.

His eyes were bleary from hard living. His thin, stubble-covered cheeks were sunken. His clothes were dirty and ragged. He had that smell of the unwashables. The soles of his shoes were worn thin. There was not the slightest doubt that he was a very sick man.

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ENGLISH

This man was approached as he stood on the sidewalk in front of a building which was undergoing repairs. In the lapel of his coat was the British War Service button, his story follows:

"I was born near Glasgow, Scotland, forty-seven years ago. During the war I served in the Twenty Second Regiment Royal Engineers. When I was demobilized in 1919, I could not find work in England, so I took work as a steward on a liner which called at New York.

"I made a number of crossings and one day a man whom I had served with it in the army was at one of my tables. He told me he was getting rich in the United States, in the bootlegging business. He told me he would make a place for me. I entered the United States through Ellis Island.

"~~Coming~~ I came to San Francisco at once, where my comrade gave me work. I have been with him for over ten years now.

"Yes. I am fairly well ~~fixed~~ off now. I own three or four buildings here in S.F. San Francisco, one in Oakland, two in Fresno and one in Los Angeles.

"No, I have not married. At times during prohibition, rival gangs tried to take our business and we had to put a stop to them. No, The Italians are not the only ones in the liquor business, some of the biggest shots are Germans, but they keep out of the papers.

"Yes. This is one of my buildings, we are going to put a night club here. What's the idea of the questions, fellow?"

G. R. HURLEY

U

244

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"Yes. This is one of my buildings. We are going to put in a night club here."

"What's the idea of the questions, fellow?"

Chicago was hot and stuffy when I arrived. I took an instant dislike to the place. However, on further acquaintance I found it not such a bad place.

I remember that on the day of my arrival the Chicago newspapers, living up to the reputation of the place, were announcing the shooting of a lieutenant of police.

That night I went to a show and shortly afterwards boarded my train for the great West.

The weather being very hot, crossing the Middle West was a sweltering business. I got practically no sleep. This was also ~~caused~~ aggravated by the fact that at Denver City a number of villainous looking people boarded the train and sat near me, and I saw them looking at me several times out of the corners of their eyes. As I was carrying almost a hundred dollars in my belt, and I was the only other person in the carriage, I naturally felt nervous. It never struck me that I must have looked a rather unusual ~~looking~~ individual. Having, as I previously stated, lived in London just prior to my setting out for the New World, I was dressed in [illegible] fashion, that is, in a tweed coat, flannel trousers and a large black, white and blue scarf.

I found Salt Lake City a very attractive and beautiful place and I was amazed that such a place should flourish in the midst of what looked to me a veritable desert. One of the things that struck me most was the prettiness of the girls and the poorness of their complexions.

On the journey across Colorado, Utah I had one of my great illusions cruelly shattered. When I saw my first cowboy he was riding in a battered old Ford.

At one part of the journey we came to [illegible] where the passengers were taken off the train to [illegible]

[illegible] while we crossed the Sierras and the next morning we arrived in Oakland where I got off by mistake. However, I [illegible]ed a ferry right away and "Je suis arrivé."

d302

L. B. Born in London, England July 1904, his parents were merchants. Being through school of what London calls, came to the United States in 1926 to learn motion picture work. He started with a few of the large pictures corporations, not going ahead very rapidly, he decided to go back to England and come to United States on the quota for he saw a lot of opportunity here. While in England waiting for the quota in which he was to come to United States he noticed that things were very slow — working and says he noticed how much faster business and things in general progressed here. He came back to United States in 1930 and went to work in a store in Los Angeles. ~~That was the Sales game~~ and he has not had very good luck; he is now selling furniture for a wholesale house. His views on the depression are very indefinite, he says the depression is slow and believes there is a turning point not very far away. He says business on his line is showing an increase of late. He is concerned how he intends to get America his home, and wishes to be classed as an American citizen — he has taken out his citizen ship papers. His hobby is photography, his favorite game tennis & pocket pool.

E.C. — English Society d 84

Born in Lewes Sussex England on the 27th May 1895. She was the child of a wealthy shipping man that lost his fortune during the war. She was well educated, going through college and studying art for some time. Specializing in animal life study. Had her exhibit in the Ghent exhibition in Belgium and receiving the gold medal for same. She has one brother who went through College and is now teaching in Dungannon, Ireland. Her hobbies are tennis and golf. In 1923, she lost her mother which was the last of her parents. So being of the adventurous type, she decided to see some of the world. So came to America. She was here just six months and married an American; they opened an art studio in Hollywood and for a time did very well but the rent was so high they could not stay on the boulevard in Hollywood, so moved to a less expensive place. Things were not so good. So they closed the studio and became a housewife. Although she is now an American citizen she says she is British at heart. She had one child, a girl, which is now 18 years old. She is divorced, and does not wish to marry any more as she feels that

all alike, unlikable and she does not like being a house wife. She wants to become somebody in the Art field. The depression has made her stop her Art work and settle down to any work she may obtain. She is now a dinning Room hostess in a medium priced Hotel in San Francisco but is very unsure as to the outlook of things and hopes to go on with her Art work soon.

R. Levison

Dr. Basin, please see company.

E N G L A N D

Born near London, England.

Age 53 years, Married.

One son, single, 26 years of age, artist for a San Diego news sheet.

Has taken out first papers.

Was supt. of R. Rd. short lines in England. Left there seven years ago presumably account of the ill health of his wife. That was as he stated.

Came over with a small amount of money, being promised a position by same party, who died supposedly while C was on his way to San Francisco, California.

Took a position with the Public Food Stores, in which he bought some shares of stock, ~~which he claims he owns~~. I was made store manager for same concern in due course.

Left said company on account of policy, So C. claims a check up was possible. Started business in the West-wood Park District, Had same disagreement with his American partner, and at present is in the grocery business.

He is by himself in the Eureka Valley district. His wife is his only clerk. Lives on Premises.

His outer companions are British and all his friends without exception are thoroughly British. "Do you know?" golf and poker and ale being the only gentlemans spark.

Though making his living in America, nothing American is any good.

His tendency toward the depression is ~~thoroughly~~ based upon the European ~~ale makers~~ ~~are~~ ~~comparable~~ only to the poor statesmanship of certain leaders. He fears ~~or~~ socialistic upheaval in the world, and the U. S. in particular, within the next three years or before.

He keeps ~~up his steady contacts~~ in contact with his old home chronies, and so does his wife, and son. Is very officious ~~in the matter~~ about his ~~conditions~~ competitors ~~and~~ sticking to the N. R. A. and ~~pointed~~ points out on their part to ~~gold~~ N.R.A. headquarters.

He is at present ~~is~~ being watched by certain authorites on account of the liquor regulations.

His ~~British~~ political opinion was for any ~~ruler~~ regime which would ~~has~~ helped his English position.

He is so sorry he left England, ~~and~~ but stays here on account of his local ~~business~~ investments.

Tom Barr -

Born near London, England -
Age 53 - Married -
one son - single. 26 yrs. assist. Collector of a
San Diego house sheet -
Has taken out first papers -
Was Deputy of R. Rd. Short time in England -
left there 7 years ago presumably, account
ill health of wife. - Which is false so far as
stated. -
came over with small amount of money, being
promised a position by some party, who died
supposedly, while C. was on his way to.
San Francisco, Cal.
Took a position with the Public food
stores, in which he bought some shares of
stock, which he claims he still owns - & was
made a store manager for said concern
till due course.
Left said company an account of
"policy" (so C. claims) (no check up was
possible)) & started business in the
Westwood Park district - Had some
disagreement with his American part-
ners & is at present in the grocery business

Case 2

business -

Forty himself in the Kanawha Valley district. - His wife is his only clerk - lives on premises. -

His entire connections are British. & his friends all - without exception are thoroughly British. Don't you know. -

Self & sister & Ale being the only Englishmen' speak. -

Though making his living in the States - nothing American is any good.

His bitterness towards the depression is thoroughly bare & equal the European calumniates & comparable only to the poor Hebes - humanity of certain lecturers tears on sensitive nephews in the Worlds fair

M. S. in particular within the week 3 years or beyond. -

Keeps up a steady correspondence with his old home chronicle & so does the wife & the rancid home chronicle & so does the wife & the rancid is very offensive in the matter of his correspondence sticking to the W.K. Affair & points upon offenses on their part to Sadd Headquarters. -

I so at present being worried by certain [illegible], on account of the liquor re-

Carr 3

re "gulchions."-

His Political political opinions was for any rigei, that stepped his employed position -

So sorry, he left England - & stays on account of his local ministers tours.-

( )

Submitted by
T. J. Lee-Warner
February 1931

~~His subjects~~ E's ancestors came to this country long before it was a government of 13 states. Some were from Germany, others came from England, Scotland & Ireland.

Later one of them became a signer of the Declaration of Independence and played a prominent part in forming & establishing our early government.

His great-grandfather located with his family in Kentucky & was a carpenter & bricklayer. While there he built the chimney & fireplace in the Lincoln Lincoln's house. The grandfather then moved to Illinois where among & located upon a farm, however, farming in this was not very profitable so he continued to do construction work which later gave his four sons a foundation for their future lives.

Upon E's father was about 20 years of age he married and came to California to carry on his trade of contractor & builder.

~~Later~~ E was born in Oakland in 1903 & as his father was doing quite well in his trade he did not know what "economic insecurity" was until he was in his "teens".

He had a brother 2 years younger & one sister 8 years older, all three living happily & were with their mother, seeing very little of the father as his type of work kept him away from home.

When about 10 years of age his parents sold their property for a large profit & moved to a ranch in the northern part of the state — some 3 miles from a small town. Here he ~~also~~ continued with his schooling, walking 3 miles each way to the schoolhouse.

~~When [illegible] of 13~~ At about the age of 13 the mother became very ill & the brother almost died from malaria. After the brother recovered the mother & daughter moved back to the city to regain their health.

This was the turning point in his life. ~~His life up~~ until now had been one sweet dream. For the greater part of a year the two boys lived motherless while the father was attempting to sell the farm to the government.

This farm had a very large water right of 160 "miners' inches" of water and a large corporation owning land in a lower part of the valley tried to get the "Court" to turn the "water right" over to them. As the farm was much older by title & "right" the "water right" rightly belonged to the place & not to the land corporation. Each time the case came to Court — ~~[illegible] father's~~ was amply represented and was able to hold the "right."

The farm was finally sold to the government, to be used as an "experimental station." The land corporation again brought the case of the "water right" to court,

but the government failed to have an attorney represent it, so the Court turned the ~~regl~~ "water right" over to the land corporation, the government thereby losing a wonderful "head of water."

The government sent the purchase check for the farm to an Oakland bank where ~~subjects~~ E's parents had a joint account.

Evidently the sight of such a large bank account was too much for his mother for she drew all the money ~~out~~ & disappeared, leaving them with just a few hundred dollars ~~X~~ fortunately located in the town bank near the farm.

The ~~subjects~~ E's father then moved to Oakland. There he learned that the money had been deposited in another bank under an assumed name & that his wife had gone to Nevada to get a divorce.

It was decided that ~~E~~ E and go to Nevada & try to bring about a reconciliation. He went to Reno alone, located the mother, but failed to bring about an understanding between ~~father & mother~~ father & mother. While waiting for the divorce to be granted, E worked in a drug store as a delivery boy; ~~in the meantime~~, the father and other son ~~a~~ had gone to Sacramento to await the return of the second son.

After the divorce was granted mother & son left Reno for Oakland, & there the subject started to school again. ~~It seems that~~ When ~~the subject~~ was with one of the parents, that parent would use his or her influence against the other. ~~one~~. Of course the final outcome of this was that he stayed with the one who allowed him the most freedom ~~of will~~, ~~which was~~ his father.

One day ~~the subject~~ caught cold in his ear. He suffered ~~terrible~~ agony that night & the next morning begged his mother for a doctor but was not allowed one on the pretext that he could not relieve his pain. He went ~~to~~ to school but suffered so much the teacher sent him to the school clinic for treatment. They asked many questions as to his folks' financial condition, & not realizing the real purpose of their questions subject told them the truth to the limit of his knowledge. He then learned much to his sorrow that these services were not free to the general public unless one was on charity or was unable to pay for same to a public physician. This embittered him toward "public relief" agencies.

A few days later his father arrived from Sacramento, met him after school, & asked him if he cared to go orth with him, which he did.

The three started in their car, camping, fishing, & hunting along the way. After two weeks of this they arrived in Portland. This was in the year of 1917. ~~The subject~~ He got a job working for a book-binding concern. At this time he was ~~still~~ under the illusion that he must get employment to help make a living for the three of them, not knowing that his father had succeeded in retrieving about $16,000.00 of his life's savings. However, the purpose of his being encouraged to work was to teach him to be productive & keep him out of mischief.

Our country being at war, each stranger was looked upon as a Pro-German, & a jealous neighbor was apt to accuse a ~~fellow~~ neighbor ~~of being a Pro-German~~. Also, many rumors were passed around of how some Pro-German had been caught trying to do this or that near a dock, bridge, shipyard or some other government property, & had been either shot on the spot or had been beaten to a pulp by the vigilantes of the day.

As the end of the summer vacation neared they moved to a small town in western Washington, where the ~~subject again~~ He ~~received~~ obtained employment, but this time in a sawmill, pulling slabwood out of a conveyor & feeding it to a mechanical "Hog" for $2.00 per day. He was then about 14 years of age & was mighty proud of his $2.00 per day.

One day he was approached by an army officer who told him he must join the Loyal Legion of Loggers & Lumbermen — the Four L's. This cost him one dollar — one half days pay — and for this dollar he received a bronze badge with four "L's" stamped upon it. As far as he could learn he had only purchased the privilege of working in a mill for 25¢ per hour.

The father then decided to take his ~~two sons~~ to the much advertised Yakima Valley. They went by way of Seattle and travelled through some of Washington's most beautiful forests. Then from beautiful green timber & cool mountain air they descended to a valley filled with extreme heat & dry air. Here they tried to locate a farm that would suit their needs, but after spending two or three weeks in this hot country, they moved back to Portland, Oregon. The father purchased a hotel in Portland, & here they lived through the winter ~~until the next spring~~.

While living at this hotel ~~the subject~~ saw an ad in the paper for a boy willing to work for his room & board on a dairy farm. This "position" he took & lived on the dairy farm ~~for~~ about 4 months. He arose at four o'clock in the morning, helped the farmer prepare the milk for bottling & distribution, and at seven o'clock would start on his 4 mile walk to school. In the evening it would be eight o'clock

before his chores were finished. The only time he had to himself was on Sunday afternoons. This was quite a grind & very unsatisfactory, so he returned to his father's hotel, where he acted as night clerk and switchboard operator during his spare time.

In the spring the father sold the hotel at a fairly good profit & once more was determined to purchase a ranch in the Yakima country. ~~He had lost his~~ younger son that winter, ~~a victim of pneumonia~~, & ~~so~~ the father & ~~son~~ older son E purchased a ranch in Walla Walla, Washington. They lived there ~~for~~ a year, traded this ranch for another ~~ranch~~ in Oregon, & remained there ~~for~~ a year until ~~subject had~~ E reached his 18th birthday.

In 1920 ~~subject~~ E enlisted in the Marine Corps, & from Portland was sent to Mare Island, where he spent six weeks in training. The first 21 days were spent in quarantine. This for the purpose of isolating any disease which might have been contracted ~~by the men~~ before enlistment. Then followed several weeks of very strenuous drill — up at 5:30 A.M., policing & straightening up quarters, breakfast at 6:30, inspection at 7:30, on the parade ground at 8:00 & there drill until noon. One hour for lunch, & then back on the parade ground from 1:00 P.M. until 4:30, inspection at 5:00, and mess at 5:30. The balance of the day was their own.

Rumors circulated around that ~~our~~ subject's company was to be divided & sent to different posts. Of all the

posts ~~that~~ were most disliked were Quantico, Va., & Guam, M.I. These posts were noted for being ~~extremely~~ strict and disciplined, & at these places the men were said to have undergone many hardships.

One morning an order was posted ~~on the board~~ for the company to embark ~~a few days later~~ for Guam. All leaves of liberty were discontinued, but in spite of this, the night before departure one third of the company "went over the hill."

A tugboat transported the men to San Francisco, where they embarked on the U.S.S. Madawaska. The first two days at sea were calm, but as soon as the sight of land was lost some of the boys seemed to feel rather "upsettish", & from then on until the end of the voyage ~~one~~ the rail never lacked involuntary volunteers to feed the fish.

Seven days later ~~subject's~~ G.S. company arrived in Honolulu, spent two days there, & then proceeded towards Guam, another twelve day's journey.

While at Honolulu they ~~also~~ picked up 500 soldiers who were being sent to Siberia to participate in the war of intervention against Russia bolsheviks. Most of these boys had just come from France, & a number of them had been with the Army of Occupation, & they were by no means eager ~~to~~ for what lay ahead of them.

The first 4 days out of Honolulu the ocean was ~~as~~ calm and like a glass — not a ripple or swell appeared as far as the eye could see. The temperature went up & the heat became so intense some of the boys shaved their

rags in order to [illegible]. Their heads became [illegible] sunburned [illegible] of them had their ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] heads. [illegible] [illegible] relief.

[illegible] [illegible] fish escorted them [illegible] all the way ~~to [illegible]~~ to port. During the lulls ~~[illegible]~~ one could find numbers of flying fish lying in the sun. ~~A question arose~~ whether the flying [illegible] was a matter of discussion ~~[illegible]~~. On [illegible] it was discovered that the flying fish [illegible] and as long as they were moist ~~[illegible]~~ could stay in midair, but as soon as ~~they~~ the fins became dry they would drop into the water. They could "fly" approximately three feet above the water for distances as long as 75 to 100 feet.

Finally the islands of [illegible] were sighted & the boat docked in [illegible] Harbor. ~~[illegible]~~ The men were placed in quarantine — on an adjoining island called Capric Island. The island was about a quarter of a mile wide & [illegible] mile long, ~~[illegible]~~ covered with dense underbrush — and one lone coconut tree. The men landed in the morning & spent the greater part of the day clearing a place for their camp. ~~They spent~~ They spent several days straightening up ~~[illegible]~~ & getting things into a liveable condition, ~~[illegible]~~ but every rest interval the men, almost en masse, attacked

this lone coconut tree for the three or four coconuts that hung so tantalizingly some 75 or 80 feet from the ground. No one was able to climb the tree as the ~~trunk~~ of it was too large so the only means they had of getting the coconut was to throw rocks at it. Finally one fell & the men had their first taste of the fruit right from the tree.

They spent their afternoons swimming ~~in the ocean~~ & prowling through the tropical jungle. The only harmful creature or animal on this island was a coral snake which lived in the coral ~~in the ocean~~ and was very poisonous.

Their quarantine up, the men were moved to a barracks at a little town called Sumay on the mainland. Here they stayed for about a month, & then ~~they~~ were separated and sent to various posts about the island. The main island ~~Tall~~ was 35 miles long, 7 miles wide, & in the center of it was a large peak called Mt. Santa. The ~~[illegible]~~ E.S. company was sent to this post. At the foot of ~~the~~ the mountain lay the capital city — Dgamua. ~~Dgamua~~. ~~It~~ ~~Santa~~ 7 miles ~~from the city~~ to the top of the peak. The direction was almost straight upward, or so it seemed as the first forward part were the steepest. There was a road to this point, but from there on it was only an "i" rail, & and the last mile the men had to carry our equipment on their backs. ~~[illegible]~~

The next 13 months were spent in building an auto-mobile road from ~~Iguana~~ Jgamua to the peak. Their position was also fortified, They mounted three 7-inch rifles on stationary mounts, two 7-inch rifles on caterpillar mounts, & two 8-inch howitzers. They also dug tunnels in the mountain peak to be used as ammunition, food & provision caches.

While stationed here the war-with-Japan scare was at its peak & the men worked day & night preparing for war with Japan. The Colonel of the regiment gave the men a long talk one day & impressed upon their minds that if they were attacked by Japan — Mt. Pemue would be the last stand of the marines.

While on guard duty the men saw suspicious light signals. These were fired & the following day scouting parties ~~scoured~~ were sent to look for the operators but no clues were ever found.

From here the unit was sent to Cavite, ~~where he was stationed~~ a few months. At two o'clock one morning the call to arms was sounded & the men fell in ~~at attention~~. Orders had just come ~~in~~ that they were to embark for China ~~where they were~~ to protect American property, which proved to be the Standard Oil Company & Robert Dollar's property.

They embarked on the battleship Huron & ~~sailed steamed~~ went to Ching Wong Tao. It was here that the radio operator tried to radio the army post on shore but the Japanese battleships interfered & radio communication was

Tom was born in Hallsey, England, in 1878. He was the second son in the family. His older brother was one year older than he and then followed two girls and another boy. Tom's ancestors came to England a great many years ago, and Tom, although an American citizen still thinks of himself as an Englishman, and the world as his place to live in, in fact he told me, "We think m'self English."

Tom's father was the smith of the town, and Tom had very frequent occassions to come into his father's shop and play around with tools. At the age of six a hammer was his most favored toy. However, his brother despised tools, and would rarely come into his father's shop. They spent the days running around and playing all kinds of games, but Tom would come into his father's shop, watch him work and stay ther till he would be sent out of there because of the smoke. Then he would take along a hammer and sit next to a board and attempt to hammer nails.

Of the English schools, as they were in the nineties, Tom thinks a great deal. In those days in school, he told me, the children were not taught games. While in school they would actually learn things, not like here. They were never assigned home work, so that when they would come back from school, the children could devote their time to things they liked best. The teachers never gave books to take home. Tom did not do very well in school, in fact, none of his other two brothers did. However, his sisters showed splendid ability for studying.

In about 1890, Tom had a good reading and writing knowledge. His father withdrew him from school and told him to choose the craft he liked best. His older brother, at that time, was already working, but with very little success; in fact when his brother reached maturity he joined the English Navy. The same happened with his younger brother. However, Tom was apprenticed to a carpenter and mechanic, for whom he worked for five years and learned the trade with big success. At this point he soon took great pains in describing to me the exceptionally fine and honest system of the English courts. In England in those days, he told me, "There was no difference between the rich and the poor; they were all equal in the eyes of the court." For an example he gave me his own case. When he came in front of the Justic of the Peace to get the necessary papers one needed before he could become an apprentice, the Justice spoke to him kinder than he did to his future boss, who was a gentleman of very good standing in town. When the necessary proceedings were finished, the Justice turned to his boss and told that he must follow the contract, and he must teach to the young man the trade as well as he could, and above all nto violate any one of the points in the contract. The first year Tom was getting half a crown a week, however, this was raised to a whole corwn the second year. The first two years at the shop were his worst. The first year he was not permitted to handle any tools and was used mostly for errands and cleaning up of the shop. The second year he was given the right to use tools, but still not as he wanted; he always thought that he could do more, and felt bad about the great many restrictions which were imposed up him. But when he reached the third year, all the restrictions were taken off and he had the right to use all the tools he could manage, and produce anything he was capable of. The last three years of his apprentice he recalls as three very pleasant years. He was scheduled to work ten hours a day and very often he used to try to work longer because he actually loved to work and work. At a-

bout 1895, Tom was finished with the apprenticeship. Here again he spoke very highly of English system between employer and employee. In England, in those days the one who thought the trade had to secure a job after he finished teaching. To get his diploma, which entitled him to work as a carpenter and mechanic and join the union, he had again to appear in court. "The courts in England in those days were not as they are here today, specializing on criminal or civil cases, but they were devoted to doing justice to everyone", he told me. I told him that today there are in America many courts which handle only cases which pertaining to the workers, only, "well", he ansered, "but the English were better." When the justice handed him the diploma he told him, " Now thank your father for inducing you to learn a craft, thank your master for teaching it to you. You may now go all over the world, no one can rob you from that precious knowledge. God help you."

After that he went to work for a good mechanic in the town. He made very good hea way at that mechanics. In fact every time there was something harder to do he would be called upon. At this shop, however, he did very little carpenter work and was doing mostly mechanical work. By 1900, his older brother was in the navy already. His younger brother prepared to join the navy, the older of the two sisters was preparing to be a nurse and the younger married a carpenter with whom Tom had worked with.

In About 1901, Tom decided to join the British Army as a professional. Before he could join he had to pass the Royal Engineer's test, which he successfully did. He was appointed to South Africa, in the Orange Free State. Due to the fact that he was a professional, he was paid a little more then the average soldier and had a very easy life. The life in the army developed in him a desire for adventures. The rare letters from his two brothers added to this desire quite a lot as they would mostly describe to him their adventures. In the ar y he got a very good name; he always followed orders, Never disobeyed his superiors and always cooperated with his assistants. His chief, before he came to the Orange Free State, served in Canada. The Chief would quite often tell Tom stores of his life in Canada, and quite often Tom would think of going to Canada, but he did not do so till about 1912. And as it happened it was almost suddenly.

In 1908, he was discharged from the Army, upon his own request. He was praised by the commander of the squad for his excellent serimes. From the Orange Free State he whet back to Wallasey, where he spend about two weeks and went to London.

When he came to Wallasey, which incidentally was the last time he was there, he foudn everything in about the same way he left. His father was still getting up in the morning and spending the day at his shop. The customers were almost the same as before he left to join the Army. His younger sister lived very happily with her husband, who worked as a carpenter in one of the shops in the town. By that time she gave birth to three children. His older sister was in London where she worked in a hospital as a nurse.

In London, Tom got a job as a mechanic and was making a good salary. Quite often Tom would think of leaving England; however, this was not because he thought that he could make out better some place else, but because he wanted to change. Tom told me that to him England was, and still is, better then anyother place in this world. and were it not for the fact that the world war wiping out his

family he would probably go back there.

~~He decided to leave England in a very sudden way~~. ~~In~~ About 1911, Tom lost his job. He tried to get another ~~job~~ and did not succeed. This made him feel a little badly. One day he was walking the streets of London and saw an advertisment about a ship sailing to Canada. The following day, ~~that was about the beginning of 1912~~, Tom bought a ticket and the following day he sailed for Canada. Here again he found himself unable to adopt to conditions. He got a job in about two months after he landed in Canada, but ~~he~~ was unhappy there. After staying about six months in Canada he met an American woman, about nine years younger than himself. Although he had never thought of getting married about two months after he met the American woman, he married her and ~~together with her~~ sailed to San Francisco, his new wife's home town.

They reached San Francisco at the end of 1912, and immediately succeeded in getting employment for a building concern. His wife gave birth to two daughters. In general, his life was not a happy one ~~to him~~. His wife was a weak woman, and during the eighteen years of her life with him she was sick a great many times. Tom used to do his best to care for her, but nothing seemed to help much. In 1930, she ~~passed out~~ died after being in the hospital for six months. This caused him to spend ~~ing~~ every cent he had saved during the years he worked in San Francisco, in fact, he borrowed a little from his wife's family.

During the World War, Tom was working in one of San Francisco's parking yards. He recalls very clearly when on May 13th, 1915, ~~at~~ about 12:30 someone came in with a paper which bore a headline. "H.M.S. Galajath Sunk" This was a ~~very bad~~ shock to him, because his older brother was aboard the ship. However, this was not much compared with what happend the following year, ~~namely 1916~~. ~~In 1916~~ his younger brother was a victim of a submarine explosion ~~that he was supporting~~ on the White Sea. His sister, the nurse was killed on the battle front, and his younger sister was killed by an explosion in the ammunition factory where she worked. Previously to the time when he learned about the complete destruction of his family he thought of going back to England, but when he learned ~~about~~ these events he stopped thinking of ever going there. When America joined the war and mobliized an army, his wife's youngest brother ~~was mobilized and he later~~ fell in France. This incident ~~effect~~ had very badly ~~upon the~~ on weak health of his wife.

His children developed in an unsatisfactory way to him. Both ~~are~~ were pretty girls, but lazy and never cared to learn anything. Although there was about a year and a half difference in their ages they graduated from public school together in 1928, the older one being fifteen, and the younger one thirteen and a half. He tried to persuade the older one to learn a trade and the younger one to stay home and help ~~out~~ her mother, who was badly sick at that time. However, their mother cared very much that they should get an education. The girls entered High School ~~and~~ but left, having accomplished very little, after their mother's ~~departure~~ death.

In general, Tom does not think much of ~~an~~ education. After the Berkeley fire, he worked as a partner with a contracter building up houses. One of the professors for whom he once worked pointed out to him that he, ~~the professor~~, was making less than Tom was. Of course,

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His older daughter married in 1932. Her husband is a street-car operator in San Francisco. His younger daughter married in 1933, and her husband is a printer. Tom has not seen his daughters since the beginning of 1934. His philosophy being, since they are married, let their husbands worry about them. I asked him if he does not care at all to see them, "Well", he said, "They know where I live and they never come to see me, why should I care to see them ?" I gathered from his talk about his daughters that he did not like them because they never cared to work, and were never devoted to their mother.

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952 Meyer Levitan #1

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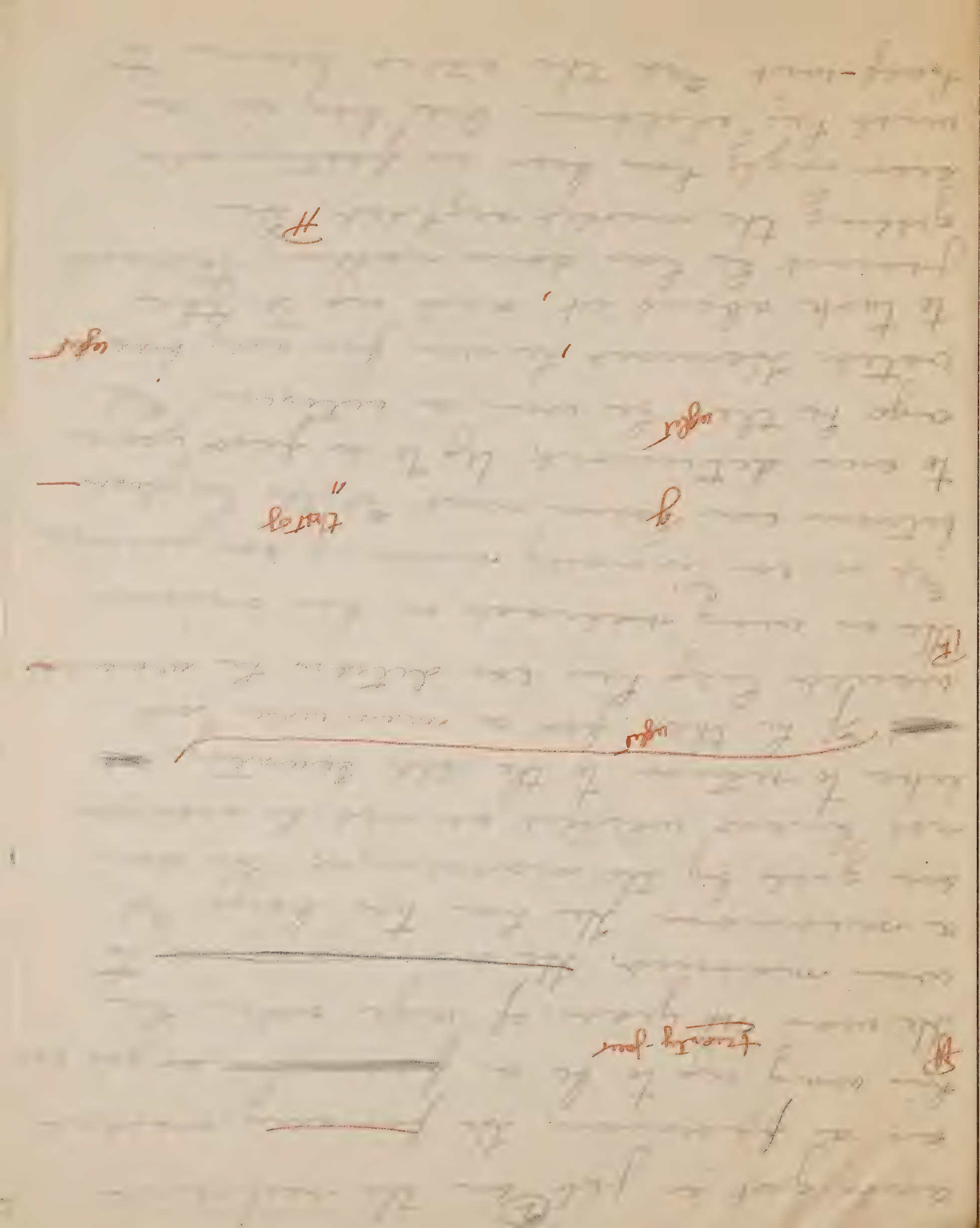

C. was born in Blackpool, England, fifty-nine years ago. His father was Scotch and his mother English. When he was two years of age, his parents decided to come to America. They came directly to Utah, where they joined the Mormon church. When he was six years old his mother left hisffather because he had taken another wife and took C. and returned to the old country. As far as he knows, his mother never got a divorce. He has three stepbrothers and one stepsister by this second marriage. When he was seventeen years old his mother died. After some correspondence, his father sent him the money to come to him in Utah. Immediately upon his arrival, he was put to work on a farm. The work was hard and the hours long. He stuck to it for over a year, however. He finally quit and got a job on the railroad as a fireman. He finally worked his way up to be an engineer. He was twenty-four years of age when he was married. He was married to a Mormon. He has two boys and one girl by the marriage. He does not know whether or not he would like to return to the old country. If he thought for a minute it would help his cinditions he would.

He is very radical in his views and is continually making comparisons between our government and the English to our detriment. Up to a few years ago, he thought he was a citizen voted. He was brought to task, however, and up to the present he has done nothing toward getting the matter righted. He seemingly has been unfortunate with his children

One boy is a half wit and the other seems to be on his way to the penitentiary. He has been in trouble several times. The girl got mixed up with some jail bird and had baby by him and shortly afterwards the young man cimmitted a robbery, was cought and landed in San Quentin where he now id. That seems to be avout all.

Born in Worcester, England, and came to America because my eldest son ~~who~~ was working in New York for a Kodak Concern and was doing well. ~~and~~ He wanted me to come over here and be near him so I came. ~~as~~ I had been working in a chemical plant in Worcester for finishing hides and he thought I could do better over here. He stayed in New York for seven years. and I worked in a Skin house testing and ~~sto~~ sorting hides at a very good salary and saved considerable money, and my son also was doing well. ~~But~~ At the end of our seven years in New York, my son had a big offer to go with a Studio Concern in Hollywood on the photography and film end of the business and he has made a fortune since. After a few years we joined him in Hollywood. I could get no work to my liking there, however (we)

~~But~~ as soon paid, I had taken it away.
"He would not allow me to touch
a penny and gave me a nice
amount to live on, and I stayed
there for 2 years. In the meantime
my daughter became acquainted with,
and married, a dentist in
San Francisco. When their
first child was born, we
briefly was contemplating going to
San Francisco to be near her
grandchild, and we decided it
was best for us to come to
San Francisco to live and visit
Los Angeles. So here we have been
for the past ~~12~~ twelve years, & my son
has bought me a little home
and we are happy, indeed. In
the past 12 years I have read and
studied much, but ~~and~~ with
see these changes which
are coming on fast each day
I find & I learn less each
day, & ~~[illegible]~~ and I find that many
men of my age today —

One as bewildered as I am — they are two swift, with they are in a severe nervous tension. It looks ~~like~~ as though to the swift belongs the race. When one gets to my age he sort of realizes that it all amounts to naught, this racing, for all one gets out of life is his clothes on his back and his meals, the rest is all waste and amusement. I believe the more educated people get the more unrest — the better you can see it in the high schools and colleges today. In another ~~50~~ 100 years the world will be upside down as it is today.

Yours E. Mounday

G. R. HURLEY

ENGLISH 26

~~This man~~ and his brother are in the trucking business. Now, that business is slack, ~~he and his brother~~ drive the trucks and only hire help when they get a rush of work which they cannot handle themselves. They work from five in the morning to all hours of the night. They live in a part of the city where rents are very low.

"My father was born in Calais and my mother in Samer, France," he told us, "but I am an Englishman. I was born on the Isle of Mann in 1894, and entered the Royal Navy at sixteen. I became a British subject after my first enlistment. I remained in the Royal Navy during the war without seeing a gun fired in actual combat.

"The war ended, I was unable to get a job in England, so I crossed the Channel to France. I found a job in Lille helping to rebuild the city. I worked there a little over a year.

"On a cold, wet night I met a shipmate in an estaminet. That day he had signed for the French Foreign Legion. In the morning I went with him and also signed. ~~for the Legion~~.

"We were sent to the receiving barracks at Marseilles, later to the training station at Sidi-bel-Abbes. Five years I spent in the Legion. I was discharged with the rank of sergeant, thanks to my being able to speak French fluently.

"For a time I became a sailor on a French merchant vessel. Then for three years I was on a British merchant man as a petty officer.

"I received a letter from my brother here in San Francisco, he was in the trucking business and wanted me to join him. I found a berth on a ship which had San Francisco on her ports of call.

"My brother has many powerful friends here and a way was found to let me enter under the British quota. I have been married two years. My wife came from Vancouver, British Columbia, as a young girl. We have no children and never expect them.

"Yes. We are planning on buying more trucks when business picks up.

"No. I do not expect to return to England or France. I am taking out my papers here.

"No. The Legion is not hard to soldier in. I have read many stories about it which have made me laugh. A French officer is very considerate of his men.

Yes, father and mother are living on the Isle of Mann. We send them some money each month."

He escorted us to his flat where he brought out his discharge from the Royal Navy and his discharge from the Foreign Legion. As he opened the steel strong box we were aware of the French Medale Militare and the Croix de Guerre on the top of the papers, also a British medal which we did not recognize.

His thin-chested, pale-faced wife set tea and cakes on the table for us.

By J. Miller (1) L 42 ~~L 29~~

I was born of English parents one of a family of nine in London England on April 26th, 1901. My father was a bricklayer and earned a good living for our family up until the time that I was not two years old, one one morning he was going to work, it was very foggy, and while crossing Wimbledon Common he stumbled over something. He lighted a match to see what it was and then discovered he had fallen over a man who had had his throat cut. The shock was so great that his strength immediately left him and from that minute on he became paralyzed and has been so ever since! This was a terrible blow to my mother, we had three boys when this happened, the oldest child being about eight. My mother immediately set out to earn a living for our family, ~~my father was also thrown upon her for support,~~ being her first job was in a laundry and she was obliged to walk a mile and half to her work

~~everyday~~, my father being unable to move in bed she would lock the children in the house, and the largest ~~one~~ would somehow have to care for the ~~smallest~~ ~~the ones in between~~. Each noon on her lunch hour she would walk home, nurse her ~~youngest~~ baby, and then return to the laundry and her work; this she ~~repeated~~ did every day but Sunday and, in addition, took care of my father. My mother was a good sewer and as time went on she became a tailoress and made suits and dresses for women in the community, in this way she earned a living for my father and nine children with no other help except a small weekly allowance ~~made by~~ from the parish which ~~some~~ was, some seven schillings and six-pence a ~~per week~~.

On account of receiving this help from the parish our family was required to ~~visit~~ go before the board each year and as soon as the girls were large enough to do housework they were taken away from my mother by the board and put into homes of well-to-do people, where they were taught service

such as housework, maid-service-parlor-maid, service, and in general were required to make themselves useful. For this work they were not paid, merely given homes. I went to grammar school until I was thirteen, when my mother took me out and I went to work cleaning doorsteps or windows or whatever I could get to do to help out at home. A truant officer found me at this work one day and I was forced to return to school until I was past the age of fourteen. Not long after this our first out and my four brothers were called to go to the front. ~~and two~~ I and my sisters and ~~myself~~ went to work in Ammunition plants where I learned to make all sorts of shells, handgrenades, and gasmasks. Altogether I worked four years in these plants, the first two years I worked the night ~~work~~ shift. We were required to work with very dim lights on account of German air raids, when these raids were ~~in progress~~ bells would ring to warn us, all lights were immediately turned off,

and we made our way to the underground passages which were built for this purpose and sometimes we would remain there all night. This happened during my first two years in the ammunition plants. After this I worked days and was usually at home when other raids occured. We would then run for the nearest underground passages. During air raids, my poor father had to remain in the house. He was able to sit up in a chair, and during one of these raids he got up from his chair and walked across the room to a door but then collapsed, we thought that then sure he might be able to walk again but he never had. Not long after the war I obtained work with a printing firm and remained with the firm seven years. My work was making posters, labels and various advertising matter. During these years, my brothers and sisters and I turned over a part of our earnings to my mother each week to keep our home going. For recreation I enjoyed dancing best and belonged to several dancing clubs, but I also enjoyed boatriding on the Thames during the summer months

and occassionally I would go to the seashore for a vacation. ~~[illegible] 1925,~~ My oldest sister had been living in the United States five years and I decided to visit her and see what it was like; I had heard so much about America, ~~and~~ especially California, time the motionpictures showed; so in may 1925, I sailed for New York, and in the fall of that year I came to Calif. with my sister and the next year I was married, and now have a child going to school; I would like very much to visit my native England but wouldn't care to live there anymore, I like the United States very much and especially California

L/04

Stewart X was born in England about ~~80~~ eighty years ago. He was brought to this country while a babe in arms. His father and mother were called upon in their home in Manchester, England, by a missionary of the Latter Day Saints (Mormons) from Utah and "embraced the faith" and later came to Utah in order to live in a spot designated by the Mormon church as "Zion".

The family located in southern Utah in Juab County and took up "dry" farming, which consists ~~of explaining~~ of sowing alfalfa ~~(hay)~~ and letting nature do ~~all of~~ the rest. Due to the dry, hot summers there, a system of artificial irrigation was developed that would guarantee a good crop or harvest. However, "dry" farming was different. It was carried on in the less fertile and remote fields or plains and after the seed was sown, it was forgotten. If the summer brought enough rain to nourish it, there was something to harvest. If it proved to be a burning summer, there was no harvest. It was a gamble, and the farmer put in as little investment as possible, merely sowing the seed.

Juab is called a "county" by the Federal government but in those days it was entirely under church domination and was called a "stake". The church was called the "Stake House". Each town was divided into "wards" and each ward had its own church building. Everyone ~~All~~ attended as there were no one but "Mormons" in Utah then, with the exception of the Indians. A "Bishop" was head of a county or "Stake". He represented the head of the Mormon Church who resided in Salt Lake City. Under the Bishop were Elders (the ordinary members) and they saluted each other not as Mr. but as Brother.

Ten per cent of all harvests or incomes was paid over to the Tithing House, it was called a "Tithe" and went to the support of the Church.

Once a year was held a large "Conference", when all who could journeyed into Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah, or to Manti, Utah, a smaller town. In both of these places services were held for a week and were officiated ~~over~~ at by the various executives of the church, called Apostles. Often the head of the church, called president, would address them. At each conference different officials of the church would preside, but for several years the president was sick and unable to appear. When the day came that he could address a conference, all looked forward eagerly to his message and with hearts full of joy that he had recovered. It was anticipated that he would give an inspirational and helpful discourse and many eastern newspapers had sent special correspondents to cover the event. The president appeared, and with rejoicing hearts the faithful settled back in their seats, ~~and~~ to listen~~ed~~ to four hours reading of tithing receipts in the various counties ~~as~~ being compared with their population and crops. In other words, the president was more interested in bringing home to his people the extent of their contributions to the church so he quoted the figures for four hours. Rather a dry talk, some thought.

A Bishop had the authority to perform baptisms. The older people were led waist-deep into a river or lake and with the Bishop uttering a short prayer something like "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, you are now a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Amen," the new member was grasped by either arm and tilted back under the water and immediately ~~upright~~ righted and led ashore. Little children were sprinkled with drops of water in the church when baptised. It was a simple ceremony, no vessel of any kind being used to dip up the water, the fingers of the Bishop sufficed and the child was sprinkled much as a housewife dampens washing.

The Mormons and the Indians, the Utes, got along very peacably. Once in awhile there was trouble, a killing over stolen cattle or some isolated raid on a farm, but nothing compared to the bloodshed of the Blackhawks and the

settlers and other Indian tribes. On the whole, relations between the Mormons and red men were peacable. They tried to convert the Indians to their faith and often would baptise them wholesale, giving them gifts of flour and clothes. Some Indians took it seriously for awhile and when asked by strangers ~~as~~ to what tribe they belonged, they would proudly say "Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ". But the Indians and work did not mix. The Mormons were very hardworking; men, women and children joining in all the heavy duties of farming in frontier country. Not so the Indians. They were not used to laborious work and would have none of it, so they never became true Saints, although the Mormons never gave up trying to convert them and treated them like children. In turn, this produced ~~on~~ in the Indians a sense of dependency and it was ~~common practice~~ not unusual to see Indians begging from door to door in Salt Lake.

Work in the Temples at Salt Lake and Manti was part of the duties of a Bishop and some Elders. It ~~occurred~~ occupied a couple of weeks a year and consisted of praying for the souls of children and the dead -- but "work" in these places is a secret. However, it is common knowledge that olive oil receives a blessing there and is used as a healing application. Marriages are performed there and are quite involed, as well as se cret. The little information I gained was that a pageant of Adam and Eve in the Garden, with serpent, and other biblical scenes were ~~enacted in person~~ acted out. A heavy garment, not unlike heavy, long underwear was given to the bride and groom, and they were never supposed to get ~~wholly~~ entirely out of it ~~the rest of~~ ever again in their lives. When they ~~were~~ had to be changed for sanitary reasons, one arm was kept on of the old garment until some portion of the new enveloped the Mormon. This custom hampered their bathing but a portion of the garment ~~should~~ had to remain on at all times. Incidently, young mafried couples were liberally bathed in olive oil during the marriage ceremony, and were sealed together for eternity.

About polygamy, the State of Utah, backed by the Federal Government

put an end to it, ~~by force in the courts~~. The Mormons believed in it, ~~and~~ taught it to their children, ~~and educated their daughters to believe in it.~~ The heads of the Mormon Church have always set the record in number of wives, some having thirty and forty. Other Brothers have had two, three and any number they could care for, ~~as~~ This was one of the provisions that they must regard solemnly, that they could provide ~~the material things~~ for their wives. However, the ~~phrase~~ words "material things" in a frontier country have divers interpretations and any Brother who wanted additional wives "took care" of them. The Church at one time taught that a man could not get into the Kingdom of Heaven unless he had two or more wives. This was in the early days when the Mormon population was small. As their progeny flourished, and as the United States Government, egged on by other denominations in the state of Utah, looked into the situation and found polygamy, it was gradually ~~overcome~~ stopped. Although, as late as twenty years ago, my informant knew, personally, several men who had wives in Utah and left them, and journeyed to Canada, Alberta Country, also to Mexico, ~~and~~ took another wife, who from then on resided there. ~~and~~ The husband commuted.

Mormon missionaries still travel the world. Young men are picked who have attended Sunday Schools and Church meetings and are true Mormons. The usual proceedure is to pick them without consulting them or their familes. It is quite an honor if you are a Mormon to have a son chosen to spread the gospel. They go to Germany, England and nothern Europe mostly. Every state in the Union has its Missionary Head and recruits are constantly being sent. The actual field work is a canvass from door to door, the missionary being without "purse or "script", accepts invitations to eat and ~~take~~ stop a bed over night. Street meetings, similar to Salvation Army proceedure, are also ~~held~~ held. Some countries having been so hardup since the war, that the missionary now pays his own way from funds sent by the Church and relatives. This period of service in the mission fields is for ~~a period of~~ three or four years.

A P Kendall.

I was born in Nottingham, England, learned my trade as an engraver there making designs for laces, ~~and~~ calenders and post cards, but after the war the lace business was very poor and there was less work in that line each month ~~or~~ with prohibition in America ~~when~~ things become much worse as we did a big business on calenders for the brewery and liquor trade. Of course, with ~~that stopping~~ prohibition the work also got less and less and post cards also almost vanished. ~~and~~ It ~~finally~~ got so bad I only had two or three days work a week and finally many firms closed up.

My firm went out of business and there was no work for me anymore in Nothingham nor could I get work in Sheffield or London, so I went to France and it was worse there. I had a friend in the printing business in San Francisco and wrote him. He said things were good here and I should come over, ~~and di~~, I had saved quite a little money, came over, and was put to work immediately and have never lost a day ~~and~~ at good pay. We live in Marin, my wife, daughter and I. My daughter has a college education and teaches English. Living in Marin is a good deal like living in the outskirts of any English city and there are many English gardens there. We have never been so happy in our lives, and have become citizens.

the doctor "well I should say he's alright

Cable Address
"BELLEVUE"

Hotel Bellevue
GEARY at TAYLOR
San Francisco

Born in Nottingham - England -
learned my trade as an Engraver -
there - making designs for laces -
and calendars - post cards etc -
But after the war - the lace
business was very poor and less
work it in that line each
month - and with Prohibition - in
America - things became much
worse - as we did a big business
on calendars for the Brewery and
~~Whistler~~ Liquor trade of course
with that stopping - the work
also got less and less and
post cards - also almost vanished
and it finally got so I only
had two or three days work
a week - and finally many
plants closed up - and (one)

My firm went out of business and there was no work for me anymore in Nottingham nor could I get work — in Sheffield or London — so I went to France and it was worse there — had a friend in the printing business in San Francisco — and wrote him — He said things were good here and I shaved come over — and did — Had saved quite a little money — came over — and was put to work immediately and have never lost a day and at good pay — we live in ~~Marin~~ Marin — my wife daughter and I — my daughter — having a College Education — and teaches English — living in Marin — is a great deal

Cable Address
"BELLEVUE"

Hotel Bellevue
GEARY at TAYLOR
San Francisco

like living in the outskirts of any English city — and there are many English gardens there we have never been so happy in our lives and have become citizens —

Jules E. Mannheimer

Born in Manchester, England of Irish parents in 1860, John J. Johnston says he is an Irishman.

He came to this country in 1881, and his first residence was Buffalo, N.Y. While he was a boy in England, his parents died and he had to live as best he could, he says. When he arrived in Buffalo he found living conditions some better but still continued to live as best he could for a number of years or until he came to San Francisco in 1907. This was following the earthquake and fire in this city and as a city of over 500,000 population had to be practically rebuilt he had little trouble in finding employment in the building line. He worked as structural [illegible] big office buildings of San Francisco. He is not sorry he came to California and says San Francisco is a "Working man's paradise;" it is never too hot or too cold to interfere with a good day's work. His wife and four of his children are living, the youngest, a girl twenty-three years old and unmarried. He has been out of employment for over three years as no more buildings are going up anywhere around, and he is too old to do much work anyway. He owns a six room house in the Mission where he lives and, now, in his old age, he must still get along as best as he can.

[illegible]

Mr. J.D.

[illegible] in 1867 [illegible] at the age of ten years with his parents, and one sister. His parents settled in the state of New York on a farm and remained there for several years, [illegible] California where they continued in agriculture and stock raising for a number [illegible] His parents have died as well as his only sister. Mr. J.D. continued [illegible] until the past few years when he retired from active life. J.D. is [illegible] very congenial disposition and [illegible] very likeable manner, having a great many good friends. He has spent the greater part of his life in America but has travelled extensively, having been over the greater part of the world, As well as making several trips to the land of his birth. He is a citizen of the United States and is a staunch supporter of the American government. [illegible]

J.D's reaction to our ways and conditions are favorable [illegible] and seems to get a great deal of amusement from the customs of his native land. He [illegible] is above the average man in intelligence, being very interesting in conversation. Mr. J.D. was married to an American girl but has been divorced. There were no children from this union. He is very much alone in the world for he has no relatives living as far as he knows.

Mr. J.D. takes a great interest in the advancement of the country. He [illegible] at which he [illegible] he [illegible] transportation companies for their travel advertisements.

His reaction regarding the depression seems to be quite normal and feels we are much better on our way to recovery than any other nation. Regarding customs of his native land he does not appear to react to them.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] amusement [illegible]

[illegible] conversation of his [illegible]

He was born in 1867 and is

about the average height

[illegible] intelligent

[illegible] conversationalist

[illegible] married [illegible]

[illegible] but has been divorced.

[illegible] children. [illegible]

[illegible] He is very much alone

in the world. The [illegible]

relatives living [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. F. D. Lakes is greatly interested in the
astronomical work of the Smithsonian, — He
shows the photographs of the
moon in all its phases which
are in fact left ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ and frequently
finished the same of two rock
books and other things in
~~[illegible]~~ a shortening of ~~[illegible]~~
for travel ~~[illegible]~~.

His mechanical ability is the greatest
I have seen. He is quite
intimate, ~~[illegible]~~ the fellow and has
much better than any one in my
so necessary than any other
matter. I
~~[illegible]~~ of this matter
~~[illegible]~~ I
think the department office be
wrong to think.

W. P. Clarke

Dr. Paul Radin
J. Le Breton

April 18, 1937

ENGLISH (Pumpkin headed babies)

Mrs. P. is the only living child of a certain Englishman who was in His Majesties service in Africa and India.

Mrs. P.'s father married a young English-Irish lass and they set up housekeeping in England where Mrs. P. was born about a year later. After her birth, her father left for one of the Empire's colonies. Each year he returned and each year his wife gave birth to a queer little creature with a large wobbly pumpkin like head. The baby would live a few minutes, hours, days, and sometimes a few weeks and then die.

The only child that lived, besides Mrs. P. was a big headed repulsive creature who made animal like sounds for almost a year. This child is the only one that Mrs. P. ever saw and never forgot. The other babies were talked about in whispers. When she grew old enough to marry she was told about these other children.

The young mother gave birth to six or seven of these babies and the three or four latest ones didn't even bother to wobble their heads, they were practically still-born. On her twenty-six year she died in childbirth.

Mrs. P. was raised by her aunt and in her early childhood brought to America where they finally settled in California.

Several years later who should walk in but Mrs. P's father. He settled with the family and proceeded to act as if California would be his last home. He was through with the service.

Things didn't go so well with the new arrangement. Mrs. P's aunt was afraid of the girl's father, besides considering him a danger to their health. He finally went to a doctor who said he had a disease that is rare in this country,a foul infection he had gotten in the tropics.

Mrs. P. was obliged to move with her father as he insisted that she was his child and she would have to live with him. The aunt was terrified and agreed, providing that they would move to within a block or two of her home, so that she might help and advise the growing girl.

Mrs. P. was instructed about the care of towels, household articles, bathroom etc, and continually told to be careful about this and that.

Several years after setting up housekeeping with her father she noticed that his talk was getting queer and that he made suggestive advances toward her. She would run and lock herself in her room. Finally the father got worse and would chane her threatening to break down the door. Whenever she saw the mood coming on her father, a mood she got to recognize almost instantly, she would drop everything and run to her aunts house. Several times these races were run in her nightgown. Her father got so bold that he would follow her to the aunts and threaten the aunt. Finally they had him committed

to a mental home. He was given a wooden spoon and handled with the greatest caution. He was obsessed by the idea that the white robed attendants were women and would attempt to attack them. He became a stinking monster and so repulsive that the aunt and doctors advised that he be left alone.

After several years in his cell the Englishman died. Mrs. P. thought that someone had given him a pill. But pill or no pill they were both glad to be rid of him and asked no questions except to get it over with as early as possible.

Several years after her father's death Mrs. P. met her present husband who proposed that they marry. She spent many a night talking to her devoted aunt about the problems of this marriage. Finally it was decided that this young man would be told the family history in full. After the young man had heard all the details he said he still wanted to get married but perhaps it would be well to be carefull and not have any children.

The P's were married and everything went along fine. Mother-in-law was pleased with her jolly daughter-in-law and auntie was happy and hoped "nothing would happen."

Shortly after her marriage Mrs. P. discovered that she had an "obstruction in her female organs" She told her aunt about some of her marital problems caused by this "obstruction" the aunt replied "God made you like that and you shouldn't have a doctor fix you up any different."

Mr. & Mrs. P. talked over this problem and they decided that the probable reason for the aunt's attitude was the fact that she was afraid that the operation would make Mrs. P. a child-bearing wife. whereas, if she remained as is, she would never get pregnant. Here again the family ghost cropped up. Many more sleepless nights with visions of the whimpering pumpkin headed baby of long ago haunted the young wife.

Mr. P. decided to put a quick stop to this worrying and he took his wife to a doctor, who in turn called other doctors, after listening to the family story told with as much detail as they could remember. A thorough examination was made before the doctors decided that the minor operation would be advisable.

The doc tors were of the opinion that Mrs. P. was the first born and that her father became infected shortly after her birth while on one of his trips to the colonies.

Ten months after this minor operation Mrs. P. gave birth to a redhedded baby boy. The doctor who delivered the baby was the same doctor who performed the operation. This boy was named after the doctor, and he had it brought into the ward for the mother's close inspection and admiration. It's head was in good shape, it had the usual ten fingers and ten toes, it's little back was straight, as it should be, and it had no hind tail. All this the mother check up and finally burst into tears "because he looks as though he's alright." "Looks alright?" laughed the doctor "well I should say he's alright,

after all you named this boy after me and he'd have to be al right Mrs. P."

Her aunt and mother-in-law came in to tell her about the red hen and all the little red chicks that had hatched just about the same time. The kitchen had been painted, a new porch built for the new baby etc. Mr. P. dashed in to announce that he had just received a handsome raise from his accounting firm in honor of the occasion.

In the bed next to Mrs. P. (there were three women in this ward, a woman lay weeping, to a stupid looking fellow who was holding her hand, she kept saying to him " it wasn't a baby at all, it was a big bag of stuff, awfull stuff and all the other women had babies but me." The fellow shifted uncomfortably and then said in an indifferent voice " Well never mind honey, we'll have better luck next time."

Mrs. P. was busy admiring her baby then she held him up and asked the other women "don't you think my baby has a cute little head?"

Ed Olney was born in Kingston, England, about the year 1845 (he is [illegible] and date of his birth) and was about 30 years old when he came from the Kingdom England to Canada. He landed in Montreal and he likes the United States better than Canada. He says all countries are alike, and most of them poor and for a poor man like himself.

For many years he was [illegible] but always at hard work. He earned about a dollar a day. Times are good here and he hopes for. Times in good times he never [illegible] and enthusiastic or lively. Now he has gone of all hope and is just waiting for death.

He was married two years ago [illegible] but has not been in good health since he has been married.

His body seemed fairly hale and hearty in most. He is before that he was [illegible] years like this and decided that state of mind [illegible]

G. R. Hurley

#1146

The British Consul's office is located at 510 Sansome Street, San Francisco, and is open from nine A. M. till five P. M. every week day.

The consul takes important British subjects on a tour of the city in his own car. He makes stops at the Civic Center, the Marina, the Presidio, Sea Cliff, the Legion of Honor at Fort Miley, then the Great Highway to Ocean Avenue where he turns back and enters Golden Gate Park. At night, he takes visitors to the top of Twin Peaks for the view of San Francisco and the Bay.

Following are a list of British and Scotch clubs in San Francisco.

British Benevolent Society of California, Inc,,
519 California St., San Francisco, California.
Open from nine A. M. to five P. M. every week day.

St. Andrew's Society of San Francisco,
414 Mason St., San Francisco, Calif.
Secetary's office open every week day from nine A. M. to five P. M.

Order of Scottish Clans: Clan Fraser No. 78,
Druids Temple, 44 Page St. San Francisco,

Caledonian Club,
Druids Temple, 44 Page St. San Francisco.
Secetary's office open every week day from nine to five.

Daughter's of Scotia,
Blue Bell Lodge No. 172, Odd Fellows Hall, 7th & Market St., San Francisco, California.

Lochnagar Lodge No, 198, N. S. G. W. Bldg., 414 Mason St., San Francisco, California.

Sons of St. George;

Burnaby Lodge No. 194, Red Men's Bldg.

240 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Pickwick Lodge No. 259, 273 Golden Gate Ave.,

San Francisco, Calif.

Daughters of St. George;

Britannia Lodge No. 7,

414 Mason St. San Francisco, Calif.

Empire Lodge No. 284,

3009 - 16th St. San Francisco, Calif.

Westminster Lodge No. I of California,

273 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco.

Secretary's office hours from nine A. M. to five P. M. week days.

Daughters of the British Empire;

Sir Francis Drake Chapter,

No lodge room - meets at homes of members.

Secretary; Mrs. A. Vannucci, 721 Beach St., San Francisco.

Ramsay MacDonald Chapter,

Apt. 7, 190, 11th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Canadian Legion, B. E. S. L., San Francisco Post No. 25,

319 War Memorial Bldg., San Francisco.

Ladies Auxiliary to Post 25 of the Canadian Legion,

B. E. S. L., 311 War Memorial Bldg., San Francisco.

Cymrodorian Society,

B'nai B'rith Hall, 149 Eddy St. San Francisco,

Secretary's office open from 9 A. M. to five P. M. every week day.

West Indian Friendly Protective Society,

Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5. P. M. every week day.

2365 Sutter St., San Francisco.

English-Speaking Union,

Secretary, 465 Post St. San Francisco.

Manx Society, (Mrs. Winifred Quayle), 1537, 20th Ave., San Francisco. Mrs. Quayle will furnish information regarding date of next meeting and place of same.

Fisherman's Wharf is another of the Consul's points of interest.

The Consul does not know of a typically British point of interest within the City of San Francisco.

Dr. Paul Radin
J. Le Breton

Feb. 1, 1937

Miss May, a small dark skinned, black haired woman in her thirties said she was a graduate nurse. Her sharp black eyes seemed to dart all over the place in an effort to see what effect this remark had upon the listeners.

She was not only a graduate nurse but an authority on children and had given various lectures on the matter of properly bring up children. No, she had never married, nor had she children of her own. She loved all babies and could do more for the offspring of the world then she could if she married and restricted her activities to the raising of a few children of her own.

Children were so interesting. Yes, she planned on making child raising a career. She had purchased on the installment plan, a large rambling unfinished farm house perched on ~~the side of~~ twenty acres of hill country.

On this farm she intended to run a first class sunshine farm for children. It was stocked with a few chickens and several goats. The children she said would drink goat milk and eat eggs and fruit.

She pointed to various barn like rooms and said "This will be the dormatory, this will be the sun room, this will be the open air porch, this will be the rainy day play room for the little dears. Every thing will be on time done according to schedule. No slip-shod methods permitted Everything will be the way a first class hospital is conducted. I should know, I graduated from one of the best hospitals in Lolapalooza County." And with that she looked around to see what effect her speech had on her listeners. It had a great effect. If she lacked anything as a nurse, she more then made it up as a convincing talker.

This ex-nurse who had never married, but had once been engaged to a young man who later became a judge in Alaska, was "saved" from marriage. There are those who think it was the judge who was "saved" - all a matter of opinion. At any rate, the nurse was at liberty to pursue her choosen career of raising better babies then their own mothers could raise.

The nurses' partner was introduced. This big young woman had a pleasant voice and manner. Occasionally she looked in the direction of the dark nurse as if waiting for approval before speaking, and then it was only to echo the sentiments of her aggressive partner. It was easy to see who directed the place. The work was done by Big Eleanor because she was so over-weight, it was good for her to exercise. By the time her weight came down the farm would be in working order and the hired help would do the chores. In the meantime it didn't hurt Big Eleanor to work a bit providing she used a little common sense and didn't overdo it. The nurse would keep a watchful eye on her to see that she didn't get over enthusiastic and injure herself.

The two women had just started the sunshine farm which they said would be a blessing to the world. Of course, there was much work to be done getting it started and the place looked a bit rustic. But were'nt simple things better for children? Weren't they made sick by over-civilization? The two good women would only charge $50.00 a month

to poor parents. Of course, they didn't want this information to be passed around, because some wealthy parents might get the idea that the place was not high class. They might even get the idea that the home was down right cheap. This was no way to build up a high class place worthy of the community which boasts some of the finest country estates in California.

The two women boarded a fine looking young girl who was busy washing and wiping dishes. Yes, she was a nice little thing, if she was kept under control. If she was taught to do things correctly in order to become an efficient worker she would do well in later life. Yes, it was a great deal of work to train a young girl, and sometimes they are a bit ungrateful, particularly when they are inclined to be a bit moron. No, the girl didn't look as if she lacked brains, ~~the~~ brains don't show on the outside of the head.

All this is a bit puzzling to people who work in offices and handle "dead" things like papers and typewriters. But to especially trained women like the little dark nurse, who was used to the frailties of humans and knew what was good for them, all this was clear.

Yes, the girl was fourteen years old and not as intelligent as she appeared to be. This poor afflicted child was boarded here because the nurse had gotten sentimental about her and didn't want the girl to get into trouble with the boys. The board money she received was perfectly ridiculous, it was positively a joke. But then you know a true nurse never forgets Florence Nightingale etc. Of course, all this was very confidential.

The mother of the girl would be terribly pained if she knew that her attractive daughter was called a person of low mentality. As a matter of fact this mother was no exception, she believed, like most mothers believe, (they're such silly gooses, these mothers) that her fourteen year old daughter was intelligent and mature for her age. This young girl's mother couldn't realize that everytime the girl opened her mouth it was to tell lies, lies, and more lies. No one could insult the woman by telling her that it was the poor child's defective brain which made her talk like that. The best way to handle a difficult case of this kind is to keep the child occupied, and what is better then learning the homely chores of homekeeping? What better lessons could she learn then cooking, not exactly cooking you understand, but assisting, washing dishes, sweeping floors, assisting with the laundry etc. My dear, you have no idea how many women become incompetent wives. Our girls may not take prizes for brilliant professional work, but they will be good housewives after they have been trained with us. Of course, this is the nurse part of me speaking, and I am an outspoken woman"

How did the child manage at school? Why, she managed fairly well. "But then you know some teachers are a little dumb themselves, like some doctors and judges. You can't expect people of that type to pick out an I.Q. from a foxy fourteen year old. My dear, everyone has his or her work, mine is the study and raising of neglected children both rich and poor. My work is truly a noble profession. We do not expect any thanks, because the race of man is ungrateful, but we do get our reward in knowing that our work has benefitted mankind. Of course, you are used to handling dry figures on a soulless typewriter, you wouldn't understand the things that are dear to a nurse's heart"

It wasn't long after the two women had installed themselves on their "sunny farm" that a thirteen months old boy was "company" for the fourteen year old girl. The dull minded girl continued her work and in addition to this she "looked after" Tony. The little boy's name was not "Tony" and when his mother asked the nurse why she persisted in called him "Tony" the nurse laughingly replied that she liked the name and that the baby looked like a Tony. When asked what a Tony looked like she said that it looked like the baby. She called the baby Tony by which name he answered, but the fourteen year old girl called him by his proper name and when the two names were called together at once, the little fellow would run to the fourteen year old and put his hand in hers. The expression on the young girl's face was enough to set one to wondering about her intelligence or lack of it.

The "lazy girl" as she was called, was never allowed to talk to anyone alone. If she was addressed by a stranger, that is a visitor to the farm, she was quickly sent into another room on an errand, or sent outside on some duty. "She dislikes strangers, is moody. We do not have her talk to people, she might offend them, and it would reflect on our sunny farm." volunteered the nurse as she ordered the girl to leave. Several times the girl gave a furtive smile as she passed the little boy's mother who came on short visits.

One by one the children arrived at the home farm. The kitchen was slightly remodeled and some of the rooms were boarded, but no extensive remodeling or improvements were made.

There were several children from various charity associations. One in particular came from the San Francisco Hospital. He had his head and neck in a plaster cast which was supposed to stay on until his broken neck was healed. This intelligent nine year old was shy and wistful and never spoke unless he was spoken to. When the other children talked about their parents he would remain quiet. If he was questioned by the children about "his folks" he would answer that he had an "aunt" perhaps she would come and see him soon and bring him something. This "aunt" was the social worker who came to see him at regular intervals.

The nurse explained to the little boy's mother that she only accepted certain children from the charities because she felt that some of these children should have the advantages of her farm. In taking these little unfortunates she really was doing her share of humanitarian work. One could hardly say she was being paid for her professional services. As a matter of fact, it was her great love for humanity that inspired her to operate the home, in as much as she could earn a very handsome living for herself by doing private nursing for some selfish rich people.

On the mother's next visit to the "baby farm" she noticed the absence of the "lazy girl" and when she inquired about the girl the nurse answered "Her mother took her home when she found out how well trained she was. We had all the bother of training her and now her mother will get the benefit of our work."

In the meantime big Eleanor had not suffered much loss of weight in spite of the fact that she had to do most of the "lazy girls" work. She was the one the children always went to, avoiding as much as possible the older woman. "She spoils them, that's why they go to her" she said almost as if she had read the visitor's mind.

Whenever a visitor called to see ~~their~~ her own child or some one else's one of the women would sit with the visiting parent and keep the curious friendly children from gathering around ~~and becoming friendly~~. They were quickly shooed away either to some duty, or to play, or to rest. When the nurse was told that she could go about her work without interruption, the answer was that the rest and change was greatly enjoyed. What queer children they were.. They acted as if they wanted to come near and yet were afraid of being bitten.

Not long after the departure of the first little lazy chore girl another little thirteen year old ~~girl~~ was seen doing the scullery work. Unlike the first one, this ~~little~~ forlorn creature was very frail and sickly looking. This child was also an intelligent feeble-minded-girl. Between this little shadow and the little cripple boy were half a dozen babies. It was the duty of these two children to lift some of the heavy babies up on to the toilet and hold them there attending to the whole matter themselves without the slightest assistance. If one of the children soiled their clothes before their wants were attended to, there was trouble for them all.

The childrens' attitude and the management was more like a prison then a sunny home farm.

Of the nine children who boarded at sunny farm there was only one who was not fearfull and acted normal. This was little "Tony" whom the nurse was continually asking the mother to allow her to adopt. "You have enough children, you'll never get any man to support them, you know how men are. Let me have him. I'll raise him and give him good care, but I want papers, everything has to be legal."

The mother of "Tony" replied that Mrs. Jones was likely to give away all of her children. ~~As~~ It was one of Mrs. Jones' babies who sat on the floor and rocked himself back and forth by the hour while he whined like a little puppy that had been left outdoors in the cold. Why didn't the nurse adopt that baby? To prove that there was nothing wrong with the baby as the nurse said there was, The visiting mother picked the Jones baby off the floor and rocked him for about twenty minutes, then she showed him a bright trinket and allowed him to shake it. When he was very much interested in the trinket she quietly put him back on the floor and he continued for more then two hours to play ~~with the trinket~~ without once crying or whining. He was a neglected baby and his mother had not given him the attention of a stray dog.

The mother of this pathetic infant sat in a corner and nursed her baby in an indifferent manner saying that she hoped her mama would send her the requested cosmetics, especially the lip stick because "I look a fright the way I am. I'm ashamed of my face." It was all one could do to keep from answering that a bar of soap and some water added to a little mental overhauling would fix up this dejected frowzy female.

"And you suggest that I adopt the son of that incompetent woman who after having three children yells for one of us to come and change her baby, claiming that she does not know how to do it herself. She's afraid it will take the polish off her nails, and yet you think you could talk me into changing from your Tony to her whiney kid." said the nurse in a peeved tone.

"Now you make me laugh when you say that fine roses have grown from thorny bushes. Well let me tell you something,you husky pencil pusher, I'd rather be acquainted with the bush then the rose." Besides no one knows so much about heredity, and I have my preference."

During the weeks that followed there was always the haunting smile of the new feeble minded girl. Finally the urge to investigate the place became almost an obsession. The only thing that would end the mystery would be to spend a couple of days on an unexpected visit. The watchful women would be unable to keep up such a long surveillance and the ever present stupid farm hand would be thrown out bodily if he got underfoot. So the mother planned an unusual visit to this "sunny farm" where the atmosphere was so tense.

It was remembered that during the year of monthly visits to the farm she had never had more then a cup of tea, a cracker and a dish of prunes. One could easily say that there were prunes to the right of us and prunes to the left of us,and prunes in front and in back of us. There were only twenty acres of prunes surrounding this sunny farm. We admire the lowly prune but there is a limit to this national fruit. On second thought there never had been any evidence of a large quantity of food such as would be required for the proper feeding of a dozen people.

Not wishing to dine on tea and prunes the mother thought it would be safer to bring along a steak. A steak costing exactly one dollar was purchased. Then she thought that probably she had misjudged the food situation and that the two women had canned and dried fruit in the basement such as she had often seen in the cellars of the farm wives. The steak would probably be sufficient with a nice plain cake.

When the taxi driver came within a block of the baby farm he turned around and said " Say lady, do you mind walking the rest of the way?" "What, are you afraid of" laughed the investigating mother. "Well I ain't afraid of nothin, but I'll be darned if I'll talk to'em. Them old maids aint gettin me under no tree." with that he made a quick two wheel turn almost tearing up a young prune tree and away he drove back to town.

As she walked up the hill she remembered that the only time she had been able to get near the feeble minded girl, was the day the two "old maids" sat on a bench under the tree and giggled in high pitched school girl voices every time a seedy taxi cab driver opened his mouth. The meeting with the girl was about to develop into something when the hired boy interrupted as usual.

The little girl made queer gestures and there behind them stood the replusive looking hired boy. He must have said something to one of the women because she left her bench and the other woman to enjoy, alone, the thrilling opportunity of sitting on the same bench with a man and marvelling at his manly intelligence. All this came to mind as she walked along trying to think up a good excuse for not telephoning when she knew there was a phone, and for coming on a Saturday when Sunday was the only visiting day.

That this was a surprise visit, and the nurse dismayed is putting it mildly. There was a quick whispering conference and then the women said that the mother was cordially invited to supper but they regretted their lack of sleeping accommodations due to the fact that they had a new cook who slept on the premises.

The nurse said the children had eaten, but that the older women had not had their supper. She would have to excuse the supper. It would be a bit light as they had not done their shopping for some reason or other. The thick steak was handed over ~~to her~~ and she lost no time in cooking it. A dab of apple sauce and some cooked prunes came out of somewhere, a spoon full of warmed up mashed potatoes appeared and the usual cup of fine invigorating tea. What delicious food a cup of hot tea is when you like it. Fortunately everyone liked tea, especially the mother when there was no good wine about. A microscopic piece of steak was cut out for the cook, who it was said, was not very hungry. By the look in the cook's face someone was a liar.

After supper the two women joined in their regrets that the mother would have to go to town and rent a room or perhaps some friend would accommodate her. They were so sorry. She replied that she was not a bit sorry, had no intention of running around looking for a place to sleep as she had alread spied one.

This astonished the two women, they looked at one another then they asked, "Where?" "In the hammock," The mother replied. "You can't sleep there, you will catch cold," answered the nurse. "Not any more then in the unfinished dormitory." "Have your own way, but if you catch cold don't say that I did not warn you" the nurse ~~said~~ replied.

Instead of sleeping in the hammock she waited a while and then sneaked into the ~~first~~ little boys bed that happened to be near the door.

The night breeze blew through the drafty so-called dormitory which could not even be called a good cellar. It was not quiet five o'clock in the morning when the sleepless mother heard soft footsteps above her. She reached out quietly and put on her coat, and although the morning was chilly she dared not put on her shoes. Going by way of the hillside which was the only way of getting to the upper part of the house where the kitchen was situated, and from whence the footsteps sounded, She suddenly came upon the shivering form of the thirteen year old, as she stood over the table attempting to make a quick job of changing a fretting three months old baby.

"How often do you do this?" she asked the girl. "Every morning," answered the child, "it's part of my training". "The nurse said that I have been in bed so long that it will do me good to get around." "She said that as long as women are so good at having babies they might just as well start training for them while they're young. I don't think it's

right for some woman to have a baby, then to have another woman get paid to take care of it, and then to expect me to take all the blame and do all the work. I was sent here for goat's milk and sunshine. I wish I were back in the hospital where they were kind to me." complained the girl.

"Why doesn't heavy weight Eleanor get a little morning exercise with this diaper job?" asked the mother as she tore ~~off~~ the wet clothing from the uncomfortable baby. "They say that Eleanor has heart trouble and that she has to take it easy until the moon changes. I wish the moon would hurry and change." "Don't look at me like that, Lady, I'm not talking silly, you ask them about the moon and her heart, but don't say I said anything."

"Gee, look what you went a done, while I was busy talkin. You took off all those clothes. Yes, I know they were all wet but we never change his clothing until he's ready for his bath and it's too early now. I always put him back in bed with his outside clothes wet and cold until the nurse says his bath is ready. I'll get skinned if they find out you helped me. They'll find out sure by the extra clothes in the wash. If anybody helps us with our work, nurse makes it tough for us afterwards. Says she wants to train us not to accept help from anyone even if it kills us."

There in the doorway stood a small dark spectre in a snow white nightgown buttoned up to her neck. "What's going on here" she rasped. "I heard the child moving about and being unable to sleep, I decided to come up and help her," explained the mother. "This lazy girl needs no help. The only thing you've done is to add more clothing to our laundry. Look at that pile of clothing. Well poor Eleanor will have to do the best she can. I have my hands full with running this place, visiting our benefactors, consulting doctors, and giving interviews and lectures, no wonder I'm worn almost to the bone. Then to have a doting parent come and add to the laundry. Go to bed all of you." ~~and~~ With that she marched off to crawl into bed with Eleanor.

Suppressing her wrath the mother slowly walked along the out side porch in the direction ~~of the~~ of the stairways. "Psst Psst Lady, Lady wait a minute" came a voice from somewhere. Looking around everything was quiet. It would do no harm to stand there a few moments and make sure that she wasn't crazy. All of a sudden a frightened face peered out from under the blankets. It was the cook. "Jump in here quick" she said as she lifted the blankets. The mother quickly and quietly crawled in with the cook and her two children. The two children were asleep and the two women were afraid to talk until they had listened for some sign of activity.

"I've been in this hell hole three weeks" whispered the cook. "I left a good home, it didn't pay much and I thought I could make more money elsewhere. Now here I am slaving for that she-devil. Don't repeat anything I tell you until I get out of here. I've written to my former employer

and begged her to send me some money for my trip back to her. I wrote in the letter that I'll work for anything or nothing, so long as she takes me back. I'll tell you what that she-devil does and tomorrow you watch her handle the kids. Don't argue with her no matter what happens until you can get enough money to get your own kids out of here. I heard her laugh and say that no matter what you knew or thought you couldn't do anything about it, because you'd have a hard time getting the money to square up with her. She said you would have to kiss your husband or some man's A double feet before you could get enough money to put you in the clear. You're just as smart as she is and I think you can make the grade.

"That she-devil has been running herself ragged from one estate to another talking to all the rich folks telling them about the swell charity institution she runs and how hard it is for her to keep her good work going all by herself with little or no money to do it with.

She told some people that she had cured your little boy of a venereal disease and built him up strong. On this lie she got two kids boarding here at fancy prices because they think she can fix the skinny little wretches. She didn't tell them that the school kids minded your boy and the goats milk and sunshine built him up, and that his blood was clean in the first place. The liar.

She had a window put in the kitchen and shows it as a sign of remodeling. Everytime they get after her for the payments on this place she gets a sick kid and the place is quarantined. It works fine all around.

You should hear her line, Lady, about her life work for the neglected children of other people. Nobody would believe you or me. She would say that we were feeble-minded, or crazy, or just plain mean, and they would believe it.

I think she is wise to the fact that you are wise to that feeble minded stuff she's been pulling all this time.

We'll get up early before she or her fat partner catches us in bed together. I'm not sure that my employer will want me back but I pray half the night every night. I hope I'll be gone by the time you come back next week and pack out of here.

I think that that smart she-devil is planning on getting someone to buy this place for her or to buy or give her another place. She went on a talking tour and told some rich folks that she could do so much better if she only had the proper equipment and everything. Then she said, "Look how tired and worn I am! My career has just about sapped all my vitality." The black little liar. Her picture hangs on the wall and in it sheis the same skinny black eyed pile of bones that she is today.

She told me that if I didn't like things here I could leave. She knows that I have no money and the two kids handicap me. She keeps saying she knows where she can get all the help she wants. I pity the poor wretch who is so poor that she has to work in my place.

American - English Charity.

She's not loosing any money on this barn or those kids because by the time the parents get wise they're darned anxious to settle up and get out. That's why she's always getin a new bunch of kids. Only the charity ones are the steady guests but they'll get wise too some day."

The mother was so anxious to get out of the cooks bed before she was discovered that she tripped over a pot and the liquid ran all over thefloor leaking down into the dormitory.

"Who upset that pot? yelled the nurse (how she knew it was the pot is a mystery) Answer me." From below piped frightened little voices "I didn't do it, nurse. Neither did I, nurse. We didn't do it. As soon as the cook came out of her surprise she called out "I did it, nurse. I'm sorry it happened." "Oh, that's alright then, answered the honeyed voice of the nurse. Who quickly realized that ~~they're~~ there was a visitor on the farm.

The adults were to have their meals separate from ~~that of~~ the children. Before noon the mother assisted in helping set the table. "It will be a lot of fun watching all these kids eat together." she said. "I'm sorry to disappoint you but I never allow anyone to watch the children eat. It is not good discipline. You will have to go outside or go for a walk. That is one of the rules of my home farm." said the nurse.

No argument was put up over such a trivial matter and she walked out and around the grounds. There a few yards away was "Stooly" the hired boy milking the goat. Having nothing better to do she walked up to him to watch the milking. He had a filthy rag wrapped around an infected hand. Streptococci he called it. "Wouldn't it be better to have a new bandage put on before milking, or better still not milk the goat at all, with a hand like that?" the mother ~~said~~ asked in the quietest voice she could muster, not wishing to appeal dictatorial.

"Waddayethink we got, a whole house full of bandages?" he snapped back. "Look," he said holding up his dripping wet bandage "you think I want a bran new bandage all soaked up like that? I'll get a new one after milking like I always do. Say lady, whose runnin this farm me or you?" Besides the nurse aint bein why should you." Shortly after this conversation half of the children, ~~including~~ the nurse and little "Tony", this particular mother's child, came down with the same festering sores which the stinking hired boy had on his hand.

In disgust she quickly turned the corner of the building intending to sit in the swing. A queer gurgling, choking sobbing sound came from the direction of the kitchen. Then a voice "Now get this down, get it down quick, before I skin you" ~~the nurse's cold voice.~~ Creeping up to the newly installed window, which was the only one not covered, she carefully peeked into the kitchen.

There on the high chair sat a sickly two year old who had been sent to the farm to be "built up like Tony." The large woman was holding the childs neck firmly in her two hands while the dark nurse

held the large spoon full of dry looking mush. These heaping spoonfuls of mush were crammed into the child's mouth. The baby turned purple choked and then swallowed spoonfuls after spoonfuls until she could hardly move and was too exhausted to even sniff.

As she watched this forceful feeding the mystery of how the children put on such rapid weight and the queer fluctuations all came to light. This was their secret of weight increase. It was a quick and easy method, and a cheap method too. This feeding method added to the sun baths they took in the broiling hot sun with even a newspaper for protection, a long rest on their back or stomachs in the afternoon and early to bed put on the desired weight. Those children who had had better treatment before they came to the farm lost weight, but those who were little waifs fattened up a bit although their faces did not look happy. They looked old.

The nurse's voice came floating through the window "The old fools will be here this afternoon. Those doting grandparents won't forget to weigh her as usual. Well, I think she hold the weight, don't let her move. He exasperates me always asking " Are you sure that little Tony was infected with the unmentionable, he looks so healthy, I can hardly believe it. You certainly did fine work with him nurse, I hope you can do as much for my poor little granddaughter."

The little boy with the injured neck minus his caste was seen picking up a large slop pan. The nurse had removed his caste saying that doctors didn't always know what they were doing and that the boy should learn to get along without any artificial assistance. This little fellow minus "artificial assistance" was staggering along the side of the step hillside with an unwieldy pan, trying his best not to spill the contents.

"Tony's" mother rushed up to the boy and took the pan away from him, telling him to rest ~~himself~~ or play that she would attend to the disposal of the pan. In a frightened voice the little cripple told ~~the woman who would help him~~ that he was supposed to do this work himself, that "nurse would get mad." Nurse always got "mad" where the work was concerned. Behind them was the ever-present presence of "her" There she stood. "Give that lazy boy back that pan" her vitriolic voice penetrated their very bones. The boy staggered down the hill with his pan and the shrill voice followed him calling, "and don't you spill it all over, either. Darn brats."

" Put the knife in the cabinet, Lady, you've wiped it twenty times already. I think you would like to do, what I would love to do, but its no use. Maybe you'd better go now, before something starts here. When you come back next week, I hope I won't be here. Good luck, Lady "

Ten days later the cook had hastily left, clutching a letter with money in one hand, and a battered straw suitcase in the other, laughing and weeping with joy. They didn't bother about their appearance just putting on what they could get together in the least possible time.

"Tony's" mother came in an auto with his father which astonished the two women. There was a quick settlement of bills and a quicker pack up. A few clean clothes and toys were thrown together and the

dust of sunny farm left forever.

A half dozen children left the home shortly after this. But there were more who replaced them.

Then social workers began to make more calls. One boy had committed suicide, several children had died. Finally she lost her license to board children. She gave as excuse that because she had shaved their heads, boys and girls (this saved the bother of washing and combing) and because she albwed the children to run around in what looked like loin clothes, the snooty social workers who knew less about the little creatures then she did, took her license away.

So the whole matter was reduced to haircuts and loin clothes. Apparently.

Hair cuts and loin cloths and little savages running around prune trees did not put an end to this nurse's yen for "doing the world some good" She was only half put out of business. As a matter of fact she was just like the millionaire who wouldn't have been a millionaire if his boss hadn't fired him.

Suddenly the nurse's fat partner decamped with some "linen and stuff", There was plenty of "stuff" to take but where she got the "linen"is a mystery. The nurse announced that she had not only been "robbed" but deserted. She would carry on as bravely as she could and do her "best."

The very "best" this woman could do was to talk a rich olive oil manufacturer into giving her a $5,000.00 dollar farm in a good location on a quiet road. On this new farm she raised donated ducks, chickens donated cow, donated hogs all from the stock of wealthy people who do not raise scrubs. Everything was donated and the place specialized notin boarded babies, but unmarried mothers who needed a place to hide while they rehabilitated themselves. These poor wayward girls would be helped to a better and cleaner life by none other then our spinster nurse who had kept herself "pure" that she might be able to guide others.

These abandoned girls whose ages ran from sixteen to twentyfive years, worked on the farm, made needlework, painted Christmas cards and novelties for sale. The funds from this rehabilitation work was used to build up the farm and help other incoming unfortunates.

This new charitable enterprise was much more successful then the first. In the first place the girls were able to do their own work and contribute their time to theinstitution. Then too, there were a lot of rich men whose hearts do not soften up for children, but ~~will~~ get possitively mushy on a charity of this nature.

New equipment, a hired boy to drive the truck, a new fur coat for nurse. If any one"got religion" nurse would encourage her to go to a religious school offering to pay her expenses.

One of nurse's girls, a little dark girl from Guam, decided she wanted to be a missionary and help other unfortunates. This girl was the mother of a baby which nurse called "Tony" after the first little boy she had tried to adopt. She had an abnormal love for little dark boys aged from two to five years.

American - English - Charity

Nurse sent the Guam girl $25.00 per month for her expenses in the missionary school. Everyone knew the good work nurse was doing. How splendid it was to be able to inspire a fallen girl to take up such noble work, and to provide the money that she might devote her whole time to learning ~~of~~ God's teachings. Nurse even took care of her little one while she prepared herself for her holy post.

In the mean time nurse's love for the little illegitimate half breed grew too possessive. He was hers, she had raised him while his mother was in training. She claimed that the mother had said she could have him when they first came to the farm.

Suddenly the Guam mother had a change of heart. She wanted her little boy (it was said that a proposal of marriage had influenced her decision) The whole thing developed into such proportions that it went to court. The case became involved and soon it was not the custody of the child that the nurse had to fight, but her own professional reputation. Social agencies dug into the baby farm business and in order to offset this the nurse was advised by her attorney to get affidavits from the parents of the children boarded, to the fact that she had been kindness itself to these little charges.

One by one she visited the parents in an effort to get them to sign these much needed papers. Some parents said "no" without giving reason, some excused themselves on the grounds that they had nether the time nor the desire to mix into what promised to be a messy affair. Some parents explained why they refused to help her.

The mother who had crawled into the cooks bed, who had tried to help the little girl with the baby changing, who wanted to carry the slop pan, who had shamelessly peeked into the kitchen window, sat in her spacious dining room and looked the nurse straight in the eye and told her all these things omitting nothing.

"You tell me these things about myself after seven years." What shall I do?s she moaned "no one will sign them, but youre the only one who will tell me why." Then pulling herself together she said "I'LL win, just you see, I have the best lawyer in town. My defense isn't costing me a cent. A philanthropist is helping me."

The philanthropist? who was he?
He was a public spirited citizen to the social circles.
A crooked political boss to the working man.
He was the man who owned the elegant colonial mansion.
He was the man who was a generous daddy to his socialite family.
He was the man who was nothing more then a bloated old reprobate to his bootlegger.
He was the man who was sugar papa to sweet sixteen.

Nurse won. Youcan't put a person out of business if they are not in business.

"IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THEN TO RECEIVE"
theme song of Mae West in Klondike Anne.

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Dr. Paul Radin
J. Le Breton

Dec. 7-8-1936

ENGLISH-ITALIAN - working people.

The W's were English working people who came to this country shortly after their first son was born, about fifty years ago.

This son died in his infancy and shortly after his death Mrs. W. gave birth to another son. ~~In all~~ She had four living children. After the fourth child was born Mrs. W. fell and injured her hip which made her limp throughout life. Whenever there was an argument with "Pa" the children made insinuating remarks about this "fall" Mrs. W. was always a little hazy about that accident and didn't seem to remember it very well.

One son was deaf and had one leg shorter then the other. The other son stuttered and had a "weak back. One daugher was feeble minded the other two girls were of average intelligence. The largest of the girls was "ailing," However ~~this girl~~ she married and moved to a town eleven miles away, leaving Margy of the beautiful hair, and the feeble minded girl home to help out.

When Margy was sixteen years old she married an illiterate Italian, nineteen years old. Together they built a three room house on the lot next to the old folks, ~~The old folks~~ were in the wood chopping business, Pa owned his own gasoline saw. Ma staid home and ran the shack and saw to it that "Pa" had his meals on time.

The deaf-cripple got ~~himself~~ a job as rural mail carrier. He paid his board at home and this helped out ~~her~~. The only girl left to help Pa and Ma with the chores was the little feeble-minded scullery maid. This little shadow had patience and love the like of which that town had never known.

There was no end to the work this frail looking woman could do. She waited on Pa and Ma and then ran next door to make herself useful to her sister Margy, who had become the mother of a little boy with a bad temper. She was now called "auntie" and how she loved that name. She worshipped the ground the little fellow walked on, and was never to tired to cater to him. When the boy grew older he often kicked "auntie" and abused her because she hovered around him and mothered him at every turn. Her devotion to this ungrateful child was dog-like and all she asked for herself was the privilege of going to church. Protestant church. Sometimes the family felt that they were too tired to accompany the poor creature to church. In that event she was forbidden to go alone. Auntie would cry and plead with Pa which was useless. Pa was a man who believed in running his own house, which he did without any unnecessary words. Even when Auntie was fifty years old she cried because Pa wouldn't permit her to go alone to church. ~~One~~ evening she showed unusual spirit saying that she tended to Margy's horses, helped with the cooking and then ran up and down the streets, even going down the railroad track to find her nephew. Surely they could trust her to walk five blocks to the church. But Pa was a man ~~who~~ set ~~his~~ mind and in this he was backed up by Ma and Margy and the rest of the family. Auntie would go to bed and sob for an hour while the family ignored her.

There were two answers Auntie always received one was "you don't need it" and "you'll get hurt." Forgetting that Margy's son often threw dangerous articles at his aunt, That she worked around half a dozen horses which Margy's husband Henry had just purchased in order to build up his draying business. They forgot that Auntie ran from their house to Margy's place at all hours and in all kinds of weather at the slightest call or whistle.

When Margy built her three room house she decided that as long as she didn't feel very well there was nothing gained by ~~using~~ having two doors. The back door would do. Today the front door stands in mid air so to speak. No one has bothered to build four steps to this entrance. The gas meter was installed and for ten years meter charges were paid without using the gas. Margy was afraid of gas. It was too dangerous she said. Coal oil stoves were even worse, so she used wood, winter and summer. A sink was installed in the kitchen and this sink emptied into a bucket that stood on the floor. Years later when Margy could have installed a dozen tiled bathrooms the house stood in the same condition ~~it had been built.~~

When Margy reached her early twenties she decided to consult Dr.SoSo who was a very popular family doctor. This doctor had ushered half the young people into the town. Women would say "Dr. SoSo attended my mother and I want him to attend to me." He was a family fixture for fifteen miles around town and knew the family history of practically every patient. Dr.SoSo gave Margy some colored medicine which she took and said she felt fine. She tired of this medicine and asked him for something that would do her more good. Evidently he had no better medicine or something, because Margy dropped this doctor and visited ~~another~~ a new-comer to town. The new doctor gave her a different colored medicine which was much better than the last but didn't last long. Soon the shelves in the kitchen were full of bottles half empty and three quarters empty, some bottles contained five drops and some bottles were dry, but Margy wouldn't part with these medicine bottles saying that she never knew when she might need them again. Soon there was no more room for the bottles on the shelf so she put what she could under the sink and behind the door. After consulting a few doctors in the next town Margy had a collection of bottles in the room that was used for the dinning room. These bottles were the discarded ones. The ones in use generally rested on the sink board or bureau.

Nothing was ever given away. Old clothes were stored in the attic. Baby shoes, baby furniture, baby toys were all stored in the attic which held years of accumulated articles. All this was stacked, stack upon stack, any old way, where the mice chewed nests for their young.

Margy's son often asked to give some long discarded toy to some poor neighbor's child or school friend, she would snap back "let them buy their stuff, same as I do, we're not the Salvation Army."

If little Henry, Margy's son, was playing with a toy and a neighbor's child was seen approaching, Margy would snatch up the toy and hide it until the child left. Little Henry was not permitted to share his toys with anyone. The excuse was that they might get rough and break it. The result was that Henry tired of his lovely things and threw them

aside where his mother picked them up and stored them with the other discarded things.

Years later when Margy was very sick due to an abortion which she handled herself, using a wire gadget some neighbor had loaned her, she kept mumbling "well that's another one I slapped on the head" During this time Her home was run by a housekeeper and the housekeeper permitted little Henry to drag out all his toys and invite the whole neighborhood to join in. Auntie would say "wait until your mother hears of this" Little Henry would then pick up an iron train and hit her on the head with it. Auntie would run home crying and stay there the rest of the day.

Margy and her son quarreled and fought like savages. Little Henry would throw anything he could reach. Once he missed his mother's head by two inches when he threw a sharp cleaver at her. She had a habit of saying "I'm going to tell your father to give you a good whipping. It will be the whipping of your life, you'll be lucky if you can sit down when its over etc. etc. etc." When the father arrived home dusty and tired she would start the story of Henry's meanness. As soon as Big Henry took off his belt and started for little Henry Margy would pitch in and take the boys part. After about ~~one~~ hundred such scenes he got tired and told them that if they had any complaints for him at night he was going to use his belt on ~~the~~ both of them. They would have to get along someway. Margy quit complaining. The father had no trouble with the boy because he was the soul of obedience with his father and his teachers.

Henry, Mary's husband had started his draying business with one horse. This wasn't enough for his fast growing business. He purchased three more horses. This made two teams or one double team. Wood was purchased from the mountain farmers at a low rate. Pa would operate his saw and stack the wood. Margy tended to the phone and kept the books both for the wood business and draying business. She fed the horses and milked the cow. The cow was hers and the money she got for the milk was put away "for a rainy day" As Henry could not read or write he used his cross, eventually these checks came into Margy's hands. However the money was always spent for necessities. Henry used cash when he caroused and gambled.

Henry finally got a big contract hauling for the new highway which was to be constructed about four miles out of town. He sold his horses and purchased a large White truck. This job kept him going eighteen hours a day and still he couldn't keep up with the work so he purchased another truck on the installment plan and hired a young fellow to drive this second truck. Henry continued to work like a galley slave on this trucking job. Nothing short of eighteen hours ~~were~~ was his regular work day. He'd rush home take a few stiff drinks, gobble something to eat and then flop on the coach and sleep like a dead man. The telephone, trucks, saw, people, nothing bothered him until his wife would shake him awake.

During this time little feeble minded "Auntie" would run back and forth at the beck and call of her parents or her sister or her nephew. Sometimes it was impossible for her to do everything at once. Then it was that the family would decide which needed her the most.

The only day Margy ever took off were her "doctor's day" On this day she would drop everything, spruce herself up, ride to the next town, which had a population of 85,000 have lunch with a friend (the friend would pay her own lunch) then she was ready to sit in the waiting room and exchange symptoms until she was called. This doctor was a"bone-twister" who used only "God's instruments" on Margy. However, she got tired of "God's instruments"-hands to you, and insisted that he use some of his shiney modern machinery and various other beautiful gadgets he had installed about the room. Of course, there was an extra charge for the use of these things but she didn't care. They put a lot of electricity in her system and she felt gay for a week afterwards.

Although Margy had quit the "old fashioned doctors" she still clung to the empty bottles which had gathered much dust. "I might need them sometime" she would say.

Henry said nothing about these expensive trips to town because he was busy loosing money in a poker game and had took special trips of his own. Henry never played for a few pennies or a glass of beer. If he lost a hundred dollars he paid on the spot. Whenever there was an important game going on around town or miles out, Henry was called in.

The wood sales, trucking,and the cow were good. The H's were getting somewhere in spite of their quarreling (they quarrelled continually) ailments, poker parties and whatnot. Henry wasn't stingy and he thought nothing of letting a friend have fifty dollars without signing a note or having a witness.

One autumn day, after the H's had been married about fourteen years, Henry heard that a certain estate located on the main street and half a block away from the intersection and business end of town, was for sale. He purchased this property which consisted of a large rambling 18 room red house with half a acre of magnifient citrus trees. A well and hand pump was located in front of one of the porches. This house would have made an ideal boarding house. Most of the rooms opened outside on either a porch or a balcony. The rooms were nice and the ceilings were not too high. With a little expenditure this place could have been turned into something.

At the time of this purchase the United States of America had gone "dry" at least it was supposed to be dry. The boarding houses located in town had to be more careful then those located in the mountains. Wine or "red juice" was served in these places, and people who contemplated going into business chose out of the way spots and kept watch dogs around ~~which~~ warned ~~them~~ of anyone's approach. This condition is believed to have had something to do with Margy's inability to rent her new estate for $50.00 permonth. They decided that rather then leave the new place vacant they would occupy the place and rent their three room shack.

When they prepared to rent the shack they found that they would be obliged to put in a little rough plumbing which cost them more then if they had had it done years before owing to the new sanitation rules. Margy complained that the rents would hardly pay for the installation, taxes and insurance etc.

ENGLISH - ITALIAN

In the new house Margy was encouraged to use the gas range because the days were getting warmer. She tried the gas once or twice but was afraid of it, and discontinued the use of gas replacing it with wood which she had used all these years winter and summer. The wood stove was enormous, and the kitchen was like a furnace.

Margery complained of the heat and Henry told her "Get the Hell to Santa Cruz and stick your head in the ocean." As long as no one seemed to appreciate her she decided to go the Santa Cruz and stick her big toe in the ocean,,where the foaming mud washes up bits of cold pickle and left over sandwiches near the concert stage.

The Henry cow which had been left with Pa and Ma for Auntie to care for, still gave milk. After Auntie had fed the cow and supplied Margy and the family with milk and butter she could sell what was left and keep the "pin money" for herself. No imagination necessary to visualize the amount of "pin money" 0 .

One morning a neighbor came over to see if she could get a quart of milk. Ma came to the door and said that Auntie wouldn't get up neither would she answer. A few minutes before she had got~~ten~~ up to get a drink of water. Ma said " I put a hot water bag at her feet they were so cold. Come in and see her, she never refused to get up before." Do you think she is sick?" The neighbor followed Ma into the room. There lay auntie with her head and shoulders resting on two big pillows. Her hair hung in loose ringlets around her face, her eyes were glassy and half closed. "Feel her feet they're ice cold" said Ma.

Auntie looked relaxed and her hair hanging in loose waves made her look more attractive then she had ever been during her life. The neighbor said she would phone to the doctor. She hesitated to break the news to Ma. A shrill voice sounded from the other room, it was Pa, "What's all the fuss about, nobody calls a doctor when I stay in bed. Here I been two whole weeks and nobody's excited about me. Whose gonna pay for this doctor business anyway?"

The doctor came and broke the news to the old woman. "I thought so too doctor, but I just couldn't believe it" the old woman sobbed.

Margy was eating spagetti in Santa Cruz. She could cook and eat pastesas well as the best of Italians. Margy came home crying that her beloved sister would have the best of funerals, nothing was too good, they would put her away beautifully. No one would be able to say that they had not done right by Auntie.

Nothing was too good for Auntie now that she couldn't tell the difference. They pulled her hair back in a tight knot and dressed her in her best black silk dress. The one she wore to church when she could get away.

Auntie rested in a three hundred dollar mauve plush, white silk lined, silver handled coffin. She who had loved flowers and had to be content with a few scrubby geraniums, now had a room full of rare blossoms. Blossoms which failed to move or to please her.

Her think little body lay on white silk which she could neither

see nor feel. This little half-witted angel had more luxury and attention in death then she had ever had during her whole busy life.

The family wept barrels of tears while they read the names on the cards with the floral displays. Margy paid for the coffin and most of the funeral expenses saying "I want to do right by my angel sister." The elegance of the funeral was the talk of the town which gave the family a great deal of consolation.

After auntie's death, Ma and Pa had trouble adjusting themselves. For forty years they had depended on their daughter to get them this and do that. Now they had to hobble along and get their own things. At first they telephoned to Margy to come and help them. She responded but soon grew tired of it and suggested that the widowed sister come and help the old folks. This sister came and staid a couple of weeks then complained that her health was bad and she left them to shift for themselves. The two sisters quarreled about who should take the responsiblity and who was the strongest or the weakest. Both claiming they were too ill.

Margy got the worst of it, as her sister lived eleven miles away. She had to give up her regular visits to the doctor. Every once in a while she took to her bed and had the doctor visit her. These visits cost exactly $12.00 per visit. Margy always felt much better after a treatment, but friend husband always felt worse. He complained about money now. Several other people had found it profitable to do their own trucking and do the neighbors too, for a reasonable sum. Besides Henry had figured on making money in the real estate game. He had purchased several houses which were being rented. He figured he'd give up hard work and live on his rentals.

He complained that it cost more to live, that they were running a poor wood yard, didn't have the cow, and that a certain party was manipulating the books. Margy answered that as soon as she was better she would pack her trunk. This trunk had been packed and unpacked for eighteen years. The last few years the moths had made themselves comfortable and everything was left packed.

Oranges and lemons fell all over the ground and yet Margy would chase the children who stuck their hands through the fence trying to reach the fruit. "You little thieves" she would yell her face turning purple. "There is no price for fruit this year" and there lay the fruit rotting on the ground. This made her very unpopular and most of the townspeople openly said that she was crazy.

Henry did a little lying in connection with one of his real estate deals. Then he failed to keep a couple of important promises, that and a few other transactions sent him on the down hill grade. He had always been a bit uncouth, gambled and caroused around with tough women, but as long as his business was good and he was on the square, they ignored these things, but when he was in a pinch and needed financing he found that he had few friends and little prestige to bank on.

Margy ran up huge doctor bills saying that she slaved for him and now he could cure her. She was gradually becoming deaf, would have

attacks which lasted several weeks, after which she would get up and be full of fight, well able to handle her own end of any battle.

Henry had not kept his trunk packed during these years, but it didn't take him long to pack his battered suitcase and move up to a shack in the hills where he could gamble and drink and be "his own boss." He worked at odd jobs. This was very humiliating to him, for years he had bragged that when he reached forty years he would be independent, and no man could dictate to him. He was now forty years old, broke, tied up with real estate which was loosing value every day, and which he and Margy couldn't agree on. Broke and homeless.

Margy didn't nag very much anymore because her nineteen year old boy, young Henry, would yell in her half-good ear "shut-up". However she was fortunate in having this boy to look after her. He wasn't polite but he did give her a few simple attentions and he was company, taking her around in his battered old flivver.

Margy was forty-two years old but she looked like a woman of seventy. Her mind occasionaly wandered and she had glittering eyes. She was cheerful said she felt fine, better then she had been for years. She talked, laughed and invited everyone to come and see her in her 18 room house. When people began to think that she was improving and would get well, her son found her dead one morning. There was no extra money for an elaborate funeral. She was buried simply and quickly.

Henry was left out of her will. She had kept everything in her name, had run everything and had willed everything to young Henry. Young Henry annouced that if his father behaves himself he may consider him. Perhaps. A court battle would take up everything they had and neither would have anything left. Henry decided to wait. After all he said " Margy was a grand old girl, and how she worked, you don't see any modern girls working. With all her faults she was a good wife."

And the bank handles what is left of the estate, while Henry works here and there.

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